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HOW TO LOSE AN EMPIRE

HAPPILY for the state of mind of this nation, what we read in one column of our daily paper about Russia's successes balances the dismal story, in the next, of our own reverses in Asia. This may keep up our spirits, but hardly our self-esteem. Under the best conditions Japan's entry into the war, with America unprepared, would have compelled us to withdraw from many untenable positions. But as the truth leaks through the heavy curtain of dishonest concealment, it is obvious that nothing had been prepared and nothing foreseen. If any remnant of respect remained in our minds for the local High Command, it has been dissipated by the expulsion of the distinguished American eye-witness, Mr. Brown, on the ground that he refused to broadcast positive untruths about our strength in the air. For this collapse, the causes to our thinking, were as much moral and intellectual as material. These sahibs trusted a tradition of racial superiority which has ceased for a generation to correspond to the facts. They ignored the Chinese; they despised the Malays; and they failed to realise that the Japanese are a first-rate military Power, formidable not merely by their numbers and their proximity, but even more by their courage and their concentrated talent for organisation. What threatens to destroy our Empire in these regions is not merely that the men on the spot were second- or third-rate: it is that their contempt for brown and yellow skins unfitted them for realistic thinking and adequate action.

This is obvious in Malaya because the news records our monotonous retreats. Is it really less obvious in India? The Japanese are much too shrewd to attempt anything there, until they have made good their hold over the Dutch islands and the narrow sea-roads, and until they have rendered Singapore strategically useless, if they do not take it. At the present rate of movement that can be only a matter of weeks. That respite over, is there much to prevent them from bombing Madras and rendering our sea communications with Indian ports and the Persian Gulf precarious? What at the first sign of danger will then be the reaction of the Indian masses? Our Raj has rested for a century and a half on prestige. Since the French vanished from the Peninsula it has never been challenged, for the Himalayas kept even a hostile Tsardom at arm's length. We do not doubt that the highly educated minority at the apex of Indian society would prefer our rule, little as they may like it, to that of the Nazis or the Japanese. Their outlook is liberal. But below this stratum the attitude of the masses, so far as we can guess, is one of indifference, which might become a positive embarrassment if local events were to suggest that our power is on the wane.

The behaviour in this situation of the men in charge at Delhi and in London is to our thinking as irresponsible as that of the junior sahibs in Singapore. They have drifted. They have refused to admit the danger. Underneath their attitude is there anything more intellectually respectable than the same reliance on tradition and the same contempt for brown and yellow skins? They do not even yet perceive that it may be vital to our own self-preservation to win India as our whole-hearted and self-respecting ally. We concede that there are immense difficulties, no less daunting because they are largely the consequence of our own policy in the past. The Hindu-Muslim feud cannot be solved in a hurry; nor the entanglement of the Princes: they can only be shelved. The dissensions and hesitations of Congress render it difficult to deal with, and Mr. Jinnah is a stubborn extremist. Mr. Amery can point to all this as an excuse for doing nothing. That might be plausible if only India's interests were at stake. But, as we see it, our own future is in the balance as much in India as in Burma and Malaya. Inaction on this reading of the strategical picture is suicidal negligence. The deadlock must be broken and a fresh start made. The Liberal moderates who sent their appeal to Mr. Churchill have given us our cue. Two concessions are necessary and only two. India must be given a *de facto* National Government at once, and it must be enabled to determine her future within a stated period after the return of peace. If the Viceroy and the Secretary of State are in the way, then let us make the new start with new men.

American Strategy

A remarkable statement by Colonel Knox has received much less attention than it deserved. Speaking as the head of the American Navy, he had to answer at a press conference the blunt question: When would the Navy begin to do something? His reply was that the first task for all the Allies was to destroy the Nazis. That done, it would be easy to deal with the Japanese. In the meantime, the most urgent duty for the American Fleet was to guard in the Atlantic and in other seas the lines of communication for American supplies. We may take it, then, that this was, as we had hoped it would be, the broad conclusion reached at the White House conferences. It is easy for Europeans to grasp this conception of our common strategy: it cannot have been easy for Americans. Their breadth of mind and self-restraint in this matter constitute a fresh title to our gratitude and respect.

Food for Greece

Of all the peoples going hungry under the New Order, the Greeks are suffering most. They are starving, in the medical sense of that word; dying of hunger by the thousand, in the villages and on the streets of Athens. The Italian, German and Bulgarian occupiers are exacting this price for the heroism of Greek resistance. This is a case to which the ordinary blockade arguments of the Ministry of Economic Warfare have little relevance. Greece is not, like other occupied countries, from which if we allow food

to enter, Germany simply extracts an equivalent amount from the national stocks. Greece has no stocks; the crops went unsown in the desperation of her war, and what harvest there was last year was confiscated. The occupying forces requisition all vegetables before they are dug or gathered. Greece again is unusually placed in having a common frontier with a Neutral which is open to traffic. There is nothing, technically, to prevent us from supplying Turkey with foodstuffs which can be passed on through Thrace. Again the Axis have given a pledge that they will respect food sent by the Red Cross; and the "Kurtulus" has sailed at intervals from Turkey bearing a cargo which went very little distance, but which in fact the Turkish Red Cross were allowed to distribute to the Greeks. The practical thing to do would be to detach one of the Greek ships which the Allies are using in their convoy fleets in the Atlantic; to give it to the Red Cross and set it under Turkish charter, and to use it for sending food from Turkey. The organisation and distribution could be entrusted to the Turkish Red Cross (or Crescent, as it is correct to call it) in combination with the International Red Cross, whose Swiss officials have immense experience of relief work. The Allies owe Greece a debt which can never be paid; this much at least we can do.

Home Front. (*By an Industrial Correspondent.*)

A new Rubber Controller, and yet again a "rubber man"! The thing should be unbelievable, but it is not; and it has happened. We know nothing for or against the new Controller personally; and he may, for all we know, be a most competent and estimable person. But it is surely high time to have an open set-to about this policy, still fully as much in peace or war, of setting the representatives of big business to the job of controlling their own industries on the State's behalf. So much has been written on this subject that it is quite out of the question to find anything new to say about it; and in all that has been written there has been hardly one word of reasoned defence. Silence, its advocates are well aware, is the best card—reinforced, of course, by direct pressure behind the scenes. There is everything to be said for having in the Ministry of Supply men who know the technique of the various industries over which the Ministry is supposed to exercise control: there is nothing at all to be said for making such men, who are necessarily interested parties, the actual controllers. This has been said again and again; but it is indispensable to go on saying it. Surely the Labour Party will at last pluck up its courage to make a real challenge in Parliament on this question, in such a form as to make it as easy as possible for M.P.s who are with it in this issue, though not on others, to rally to its support.

* * *

Rubber is, of course, a particularly glaring case. If ever there was an industry which ought to be controlled by someone in a position not only to be, but also to appear, impartial, that industry is rubber. The whole question of creating a large-scale industry for rubber reclamation, as well as that of developing here a synthetic rubber industry, has to be gone into on a totally new basis. There has to be an inquest both on the past policy of the industry in taking precautions against a loss of the sources of supply and in the more recent failure to do what could have been done to deprive the Japanese of rubber in the territories which they have conquered. Such an inquest would raise problems far beyond the scope of the Rubber Control; but who will believe that an honest inquest is being held, or that there is any real prospect of past mistakes being set right, as far as they can be, as long as the part of Rubber Controller is held by an industrialist closely concerned with the very interests whose past conduct is subject to challenge? We repeat, we are making no charge of any kind against the new Controller personally: his character is not the point. The point is that the whole rubber situation clearly needs strictly impartial investigation and a strictly impartial control, and that Parliament and the public ought to insist on this, unless they propose entirely to abrogate the duties of legitimate criticism.

* * *

I wish there were not so inveterate a habit, in estimating the future course of the war, to make highly encouraging comparisons between the probable future totals of Allied war production and the probable future output of *Germany's* new industries. For to do this is to ignore the fact that the Nazis have at their command a high proportion of European, as well as of their own productive capacity. It is doubtless true that the Nazis tend, on the whole, to make as many as possible of their finished munitions in Germany itself—or at any rate in the now "Greater Reich," and to use the manufacturing resources of the conquered countries more for reinforcing their own supplies of consumers' goods than for finished war production. But this distinction does not, of course, apply to raw materials: nor does it in effect apply to a wide range of semi-manufactures which enter into completed war goods. President Roosevelt's figures of forthcoming war output in the United States remain impressive and reassuring even when allowance has been made for the full contribution which the Nazis can hope to levy on the conquered. But it must not be forgotten that a large part of the American production will have to go into fighting Japan, or even that the promised rate of output assumes—what has not already happened—the full responsiveness of American big business to the President's demands. Personally, I find the most immediately reassuring of the President's estimates, not his staggering totals for planes, or tanks, or anti-aircraft guns, but rather his promises of new merchant ships to be ready this year and next. For this vast shipbuilding programme is already well on the way; and, as far as I can tell, there is no coming struggle with vested interests or with the demands of the American consuming public, likely to impede its realisation.

* * *

The bankers tell us that the additional notes—thirty-five million pounds' worth of them—issued to cover the Christmas season are only flowing back very slowly into their tills. In other words, the public is holding on to an enlarged supply of cash. Evidently there are signs of danger in such a situation. There must have been quite a large dissipation of irreplaceable stocks of scarce but unrationed goods over the past few weeks; and the larger money supply will mean increased pressure on rapidly falling supplies. As I insisted last week, there is no cure for an unbalanced relation between many incomes and available supplies except an extension of rationing, in some form, accompanied by an extension of price control to all goods except a very few luxuries on which we can perhaps allow the rich to go on squandering their money—as long as we allow them to keep it. What is indefensible is to allow a scramble for unrationed goods of which, while no one sort is necessary to any particular consumer, a tolerable global share is required in order to eke out the supplies of rationed goods. There ought clearly to be a very big extension of "points" rationing; and it can hardly be doubted that the effective enforcement of such an extension would both increase savings and make less bitter any other pill used for closing the "gap"—even the pill of higher taxation on the middle ranges of income.

PEACE AND PUNISHMENT

About the character and extent of the atrocities discussed by the Allied Governments in St. James's Palace there is unhappily no possible doubt. Those who are accustomed to weigh evidence and who know the use of atrocity stories in past wars may be dubious about some too familiar horrors and question the numbers alleged to have been shot or hanged. But no such inquiry will shake the ghastly certainty that we are faced with a deliberate policy of terrorisation, involving in occupied areas brutalities on subject peoples as terrible as those daily practised in concentration camps on many anti-Nazis inside Germany, and that in certain areas in Eastern Europe terrorisation has come close to extermination. Further, it must be admitted that these acts, which far outstrip in their deliberate and organised sadism the usual incidents of war and conquest, are not exclusively the products of Germany. The problem would be far less difficult if it were confined to one country. Unfortunately, Fascists and Quislings of many countries have aided and abetted the Nazis, while the Japanese armies in China have proved conclusively that we confront, not one criminal nation, but the revival of a doctrine of brutality which repudiates all the canons of civilisation and the accepted values of every great religion and acknowledged code of ethics. Ruthlessness and sadism are extolled as virtues. To find a parallel to the sack of Nanking one must go back as far as the sack of Rome by Charles V. The Nazi state of mind revealed in the invasion of Poland and Russia recalls nothing so much as the cold architecture of Genghis Khan, who built his cairns of human skulls.

Once the Nazi and Japanese war-machines are defeated the natural reaction of tortured populations will be to seek an indiscriminate revenge. Since no statesman can view the night of the long knives all over Europe with anything but horror, or believe that on the foundation of massacre it is possible to build a stable social order, the Allied Governments (with America, Russia, China, Britain and the Dominions represented as observers) have met to substitute for vengeance at least the framework and appearance of a legal retribution. The difficulties are great. After the last war it was suggested that Hindenburg should be tried. But no one wanted to try the Field-Marshal when it came to the point, and if the man who gave the supreme orders was to be accounted a patriotic soldier, then how select for punishment underlings who could claim only to be doing their duty? How in any case find the right criminal? As the problems are examined to-day the difficulties appear to grow. The members of the Gestapo, who must be completely liquidated, will be just those who have the best aliases and bolt-holes; the torturers of their fellow-countrymen in Dachau and Buchenwald, whom we should all be happy to think dead, have committed no offence against international law. Is it possible to devise a legal

system which can, with any show of justice, abolish, as the Allied countries tried to abolish, the distinctions between the disciplined private who serves in a firing squad and the officer who gives the order for a mass execution? Shall we urge that it is criminal to have bombed civilians, but not to have killed them when bombing military objectives? The task is full of difficulties. The psychological effect of a trial of criminals by an authority which is respected and which can claim an accepted basis of legal action would be immense. If we can build up such an authority; if, as Mr. Wells has urged, Mr. Roosevelt, Stalin and Mr. Churchill can codify national law and guarantee to each individual the Rights of Man—then retribution, carried out by the Hague Court or its successor, might well be the beginning of a new era of international justice. But a summary justice based on no legal code, with the same authority acting as judge, prosecutor and executioner, would not in the long run produce effects superior to those of indiscriminate vengeance.

We believe that it is all to the good that the Allied Governments should seriously consider the problems of international justice. It may induce them to recognise the necessity of a permanent international authority; and if the results are to rid Europe of the worst thugs and to prevent from holding any position of responsibility in the future all those who have acted as Hitler's agents during the last eight years, then Europe will have, to that degree, a better hope of salvation. But the Allied Governments, if they seriously consider their problem, will soon lose interest in the dubious processes of retribution and concern themselves, as General de Gaulle reminded them, with the appalling problem of preventing the repetition of these horrors. That will not be done merely by executing Germans. It is more important to consider what is to be the education—and that includes the whole social environment—of the next generation of Germans. The agenda for the next meeting of the Allied Governments should include such items as the relation of war to the system of sovereign, capitalist States; the amount of sovereignty and the type of economic and social change necessary to produce a common defence against aggression; the origins of Fascism and Nazism in social insecurity, and the implications of the Atlantic Charter's pledge of "freedom from want," given not to the nation, but to the individual. By the end of this war Europe may have so disintegrated that nothing is left except the common needs of individuals. To punish will seem of less importance than to check the epidemics that are already making their first menacing appearance and to provide for tortured and hungry people the elementary necessities of food and shelter.

NATIONAL GOVERNMENT —THE NEXT PHASE

[From a Political Correspondent]

"National" government is possible in a representative democracy only when the parties to its constitution are united by a purpose sufficiently overmastering to transcend all previous difference. Even then, it is not an easy matter. It involves complex adjustments of personalities; it demands an openmindedness about principle. The measure of its success lies in its ability so to organise its eventual dissolution into its original parts that its members remain able to keep the great ends of life in common. Coalition government means an emphasis on unity in difference; party government means an emphasis on difference in unity. The transition from the one to the other is as delicate a political operation as it is possible to perform.

"National" government was inevitable in the circumstances of 1940. The national will to live was a purpose obviously transcendant over party differences. And the adjustment of personalities was made easy because Mr. Attlee was willing to accept the part of lieutenant to Mr. Churchill and showed a magnanimity in adjusting himself to a well-organised obscurity which less generous men would not easily have accepted. The problem of men and places has largely solved itself, partly by reason of Mr. Attlee's attitude, and, partly, because it has become the habit of Mr. Churchill to transform all colleagues into subordinates.

The problem for the National Government is not likely to emerge until the road to victory begins with clarity to define itself. But it will then, in all probability, emerge as an ominous problem, the handling of which will leave deep marks upon our national life. For, thus far, the parties in the War Cabinet have agreed, pretty clearly, to deal with their differences by the simple method of deciding not to handle them. The Conservative Party is kept contented by the knowledge that no central change has occurred in the pivotal distribution of economic power; and the Labour Party maintains its silence out of the fear that, were such an issue to be raised, a grave blow would be dealt at the unity of the Government. Though half a dozen vital issues call out for a new approach, mines and transport, the future place of India in the Commonwealth, the definition of the lines that reconstruction is to follow, above all in the ownership of land and the control of the credit mechanism, the leaders of all parties maintain a careful conspiracy of silence upon them. It is not that they are unaware of their existence; it is rather that they do not know what would happen if they were to be raised as issues. So Mr. Churchill is permitted to make his vehement, but unreal, distinction between victory and reconstruction, while Mr. Attlee tries to persuade his followers that a minority party is estopped from raising inconvenient questions. Perhaps no member of the House of Commons feels more strongly than he at the moment the claims of a majority there to define the objectives of power.

Two consequences follow from these attitudes, growingly understood in the country and not without their impact upon the House of Commons itself. The first is the loss of the capacity to use the experimental temper of the public at a time when its mood makes possible measures by consent which may later become the object of bitter fighting. The second is the recognition that a nation does not meet its responsibilities by pretending they are not there. Nothing that Mr. Churchill or Mr. Attlee has so far said persuades any honest observer either that we are making the maximum use of our resources for the war-effort or that this is possible with the methods to which the present terms of the National Government confines us. Nor has either been able to persuade him that those methods are not already shaping the limits within which reconstruction can be attempted. That is why the man in the street is convinced that Mr. Greenwood's department is a mere decorative superfluity in the War Cabinet. That is why, also, it is difficult to find any alert and active member of the Labour Party who is not uneasily aware that the end of the war will find the forces of privilege more strongly entrenched in power than they were at its beginning. He welcomed the advent of Labour into the Churchill Government as a "full partner" in the belief that he could shape the character of the war-effort to meet the grave problems he saw arising at its close. He is becoming conscious that merely to raise the question of dealing with those problems is regarded by his own leaders not as strengthening their own purposes, but as disloyalty to them. He finds himself fobbed off with a series of minor social reforms, all of which he is convinced he could have obtained without accepting office at all.

The result is fast becoming the inevitable one of a gap between the War Cabinet and the rank and file of the Labour Party in the constituencies, which it will be increasingly difficult to bridge. They see that the principles of their policy are not regarded as admissible for discussion; they hear Mr. Churchill proclaim his allegiance to "traditional" Britain; how can they not remember that "traditional" Britain meant an economics of scarcity, with mass-unemployment and the ever-enhanced power of monopoly capitalism? Mr. Lloyd George's government was at least responsible for a big measure of reform in education and the Montagu-Chelmsford experiment in India. The Churchill government is massively silent on the one, and appears to wash its hands of the Indian question. Mr. Churchill and his own leaders apart, all the main administrative controls appear to be in the hands of the men responsible for the appeasement period; and Labour is urged not to question their right to place since inquests on the past are disturbing. It asks if our curiously uncertain political warfare is not proof of a fatal division of purpose. Labour does not doubt the will of the Churchill government to victory; perhaps it even admires the resolution and courage of the Prime Minister more profoundly than most of his own followers. But it does doubt whether its own definition of the aims of victory is likely to be shared by the members of the War Cabinet.

It is difficult not to feel that grave consequences will follow from this situation. Will the coming of peace permit the retention of that experimental temper which can alone make the scale of the measures for peace proportionate to its problems? If it is not retained, will not the disillusion that follows make it hard for political parties to keep the great ends of life in common? Is not our present evasion of the problems inherent in the shape of things to come the grim prelude to a certainty that we shall disagree upon them when the pressure of external danger is withdrawn? Does not such disagreement mean that the Coalition Government will end in angry confusion? Can we afford such an ending? Does it not foreshadow that inability to agree upon fundamentals without which no democracy is safe?

It is not yet too late to face these matters honestly, though it is certainly later than the War Cabinet likes to think. The one thing that is certain is the folly of improvisation in a field that calls for deliberate thought. We shall get neither freedom from fear for the nation nor economic security for the individual unless we confront the needs they imply and make up our minds to pay the price. A government which refuses to do so will only retain its unity while the danger is urgent. As danger passes, its members will find that nothing so dissipates goodwill in a democracy as evasion where there should be responsibility. The Labour leaders, at least, cannot but be aware that a new world is in the making; it was to assure its democratic foundations that they were sent into the Government. To demand the activities which provide this assurance is the supreme service they can render to the nation.

JAPAN'S WAR POTENTIAL

PREMIER Tojo told the Japanese people that they "must expect a long war." How is the Japanese Empire placed to face such a protracted war against the A.B.C.D. front? It must be confessed that we are in the dark as to the quantity of stocks of essential war commodities she has accumulated when the democratic powers were pursuing a policy of appeasement to localise the conflict. Here Japan has been as secretive as in naval construction. We will do our best, and take into account the resources of Japan proper, the Japanese Empire, the occupied areas in China, and Indo-China as well as Thailand.

This mechanised war will make enormous demands on metals, minerals and petroleum products. Japan's current production of such basic materials as steel, aluminium, copper and oil, her apparent consumption and her normal sources of supply, therefore, assume paramount interest. Like her Axis partners, Japan has been endeavouring to become independent of imports for her steel supplies. That she has made great strides is brought out by the subjoined figures :—

Production in 1,000 long tons

	1913	1929	1937*	1938*	1939*
Pig iron ..	236	1,750	3,261	3,050	3,320
Raw steel ..	300	2,100	5,719	5,930	6,230

* including Manchuria and Korea.

But less that a third of her iron ore supplies and one-tenth of her steel scrap are derived from domestic sources and occupied areas. In 1939 she imported 3,200,000 tons of iron ore mainly from Malaya and the Philippines, 303,700 tons of pig iron from British India and the United States, and 2,324,000 tons of scrap largely from the United States and to a lesser extent from the British Empire countries. Extensive low-grade iron ore deposits are found in Korea and Manchuria but they are expensive to smelt. Moreover Japan's coking coal supplies are meagre in the extreme. The problem of obtaining essential raw materials was becoming acute even in 1940, following the export licensing provisions on iron and steel scrap set up by the American Administration which eliminated Nippon from the market. These provisions were extended to ore exports from the Philippines towards the end of last May. Inasmuch as the bulk of Japan's iron ore, scrap, pig iron, steel-hardening minerals as well as iron and steel manufactures including machine tools and machinery, originate from countries with which she is now at war, her iron and steel industry must be one of the very first to feel the pinch.

Aluminium is another munition of war on which Japan's aircraft production depends. Between 1934 and 1939 her aluminium output increased from 700 to 23,000 metric tons, and consumption rose even more steeply from 5,800 to 45,000 tons. Like the steel industry Nippon's aluminium production is based, in the main, on bauxite from the Dutch East Indies and Johore. Japan's 1940 aluminium output is reckoned at 35,000 metric tons and imports of bauxite from the Dutch East Indies and Johore totalled respectively 235,000 and 59,000 tons. Considering that the country needs bauxite also in oil refining, ceramic, abrasive and chemical industries it should feel the shortage of this ore acutely as time goes on, unless Japan can seize and work the Dutch bauxite deposits found not far from Singapore. Moreover, before the war, Japan bridged the gap between domestic aluminium production and consumption by imports of metal chiefly from Canada, and metal and scrap from Norway, Switzerland, France and America—countries from which she is now cut off.

Japan is also deficient in copper. Excepting certain applications in which aluminium and zinc could be substituted for copper and brass the red metal is well-nigh irreplaceable. In 1939 Japan's mine and smelter output of copper amounted to 109,000 metric tons, and apparent consumption 217,000 tons, an increase of 139,000 tons over 1929. Imports of copper rose steeply from 1,181 tons in 1930 to 146,000 tons in 1940. In 1940 the principal suppliers were the United States (109,000 tons), Chile (19,000 tons), Canada (12,000 tons) and the Philippines (6,000 tons).

Finally, oil is the Achilles heel not only of Germany and Italy but also Japan. Japan's production of crude oil and liquid fuel substitutes falls far short of her normal needs. Her output of all kinds of liquid fuels during 1939 and 1940 are estimated respectively at 7,700,000 and 8,200,000 barrels. Her annual civilian consumption is reckoned at 25,000,000 barrels, and military needs (average for 1938-39)18,500,000 barrels. Major suppliers are the United States and the Dutch East Indies, and minor ones Iran, Mexico and British Borneo. Last July President Roosevelt admitted that America allowed oil supplies to go to Japan to prevent the spread of war into the Pacific. The U.S. "freezing" of Japanese assets was tantamount to a complete embargo on oil since Japan would have to obtain special export licenses to pay for oil purchases in America. Japan imported nearly 23,000,000 barrels of crude oil and refined petroleum products from the United States in 1940, and 14,000,000 barrels from the D.E.I. in 1939. The agreement concluded between the D.E.I. oil companies and Nippon for the supply of some 13,000,000 barrels to the latter in 1941 lost its effect when the Dutch Government "froze" the Japanese assets on July 28th owing to a clause requiring payment in dollars. No oil exports to Nippon from British-owned oilfields in the Middle East took place in 1941. The only course open to Japan needing oil supplies is to seize the oilfields of the D.E.I., which accounted for nearly 63,000,000 barrels in 1940. The Netherlands, like the British, are pledged to destroy the wells rather than let the Japanese use them.

While it is undoubtedly true that Japan is one of the poorest of the great Powers of the world, let us beware of underestimating the enemy's secure strategic position, and the strength of her Navy and merchant marine. Even as Italy with her relatively meagre resources is giving considerable support to Germany in the Mediterranean so Japan turned belligerent is proving a pillar of strength to the Axis in the Pacific. It would be a mistake to jump to the conclusion that just because Nippon is poorly endowed with natural resources she cannot stay the course. Much will depend upon the current war production of the Japanese Empire, the magnitude of the enemy's reserve stocks and the extent to which she can draw supplies of essential commodities from occupied China, French Indo-China and Thailand in the Asiatic mainland, as well as what she may seize from the South Sea territories. Nippon should be able to maintain her communications with the mainland with her Navy and large merchant fleet. By drastic curtailment of civilian consumption, diverting all available foreign exchange resources to importing raw materials, exercising economy in material in her China campaign, and exploiting occupied China, Japan has been able to lay in substantial stocks which will satisfy her war needs for over a year. Her military rulers are believed to hold large reserves of arms and munitions, as well as essential metals and oil. Furthermore, the country's chemical industry has grown in strength and stature in the last twenty years and now ranks fourth in importance after metals, machinery and tools, and textiles. The capital investment in the industry exceeds 3,000 million yen, and it employed 135,000 workers last year, of whom 36,000 were women. The industry is virtually self-contained as regards manufacturing dyes, drugs, explosives, fertilisers and other chemical warfare agents. Again, Japan's steam and motor tonnage rose between 1913 and 1939 from 1,708,000 gross tons to 5,630,000 tons, or from 3.8 per cent. to 8.2 per cent. of the world merchant tonnage. To-day, it has a very large number of fast ships which can carry a heavy armament and make ideal long-distance commerce raiders. Moreover, Japan's shipbuilding facilities—for naval vessels and merchantmen—are in excess of requirements.

Japanese people, as docile, disciplined and fanatically patriotic as the Nazi Germans, are used to privation and could put up with a lot more to fulfil their "divine mission." True, for the last five years, Japanese finances had to bear not only the growing military expenditure arising from the China incident but also the huge capital investment required for developing its heavy and war industries. Ordinary expenditure rose from 8,119 million yen in 1938-39 to an estimated 13,205 millions in 1941-42. And Government expenditure currently equals 43 per cent. of the national income computed at 30,000 million yen (approximately £1,674 million). Soon after Japan became a belligerent the Diet authorised an extraordinary military expenditure of 3,800 million yen, and approved stringent new taxes. There is, however, a dark side to the country's industrial mobilisation. Shortage of certain critical raw materials have meant that output by heavy and war industries has remained virtually stationary during the last fifteen months. Secondly, since over 50 per cent. of Japan's industrial production comes from tiny manufacturing establishments the authorities are meeting with great, almost insurmountable, difficulties in mobilising them for war production.

The American Navy must play a big part in the Pacific in wartime. Realising this, Japan, by her well-timed, skilfully-delivered blows (spread in a fanwise direction) on American bases and shipping, has met with a measure of initial success, and is now exploiting to the full her initial gains. Her occupation of Guam and Wake and attack on Midway Island, are calculated to check the mobility of the U.S. Pacific Fleet by denying it refuelling and air bases. Japan's offensive against Manila is to deny an advanced base to American Naval forces and to obtain one for her own. Hong Kong, Britain's advanced naval base, which threatened the Japanese lines of sea communications, and Penang off the west coast of Malaya, are held by Japan, and the enemy is striving to neutralise Singapore as a great naval base. With the exception of our Ally Russia, in most parts of the world it is the enemy who has the shorter distance between his war factories and the main battlefields. The Allies, on the other hand, have to travel thousands of miles before they arrive at the battle zones. Hence the need for speeding production and expediting despatch of war weapons to fighting fronts. These great distances underline, too, the need for deciding whose men and whose supplies should be sent to which zone, in other words, closely co-ordinated pooling of production, resources and the wider strategy as between the A.B.C.D. Powers and Russia. For with every base and vantage point Japan succeeds in securing the naval and military problems facing the Allies in the Pacific will become steadily more formidable.

A LONDON DIARY

COMPARED to the Governor of Malay and Sir Robert Brooke-Popham (whom Lord Addison called a "nincompoop" in the House of Lords last week), Mr. Duff-Cooper is a shining example of enlightenment. He is credited with persuading the British authorities that the Chinese, who are half the population of Malaya, are on the same side as Britain in this war, and that since Russia came into the war, Communists are our allies. The chief political organisation of the Chinese is the Koumintang; its leader, of course, was in gaol. I am told that Duff-Cooper was responsible for getting him out, and also that it was he who arranged for a Communist manifesto urging resistance to the Japanese to be circulated in Malaya. This, I understand, scandalised some of the authorities into a premature apoplexy. Correspondents report us that no foreign troops had ever been allowed in Malaya, while local Chinese newspapers have been "discouraged" (whatever that may mean) when they suggested that troops of the regular Chinese army should be invited to Malaya to join the Allied defence. The British authorities thought that a Chinese army would be bad for British "prestige" amongst the coloured people. Fancy suggesting that the white sahib could possibly need Chinese help! Duff-Cooper did at least know that the Chinese had been fighting for four years, while we were still providing the Japanese with the means of fighting, and it was under his leadership, I believe, that both the bourgeois Chinese Koumintang and the Malayan Communist Party have actually been allowed to help in the defence of their own country.

* * *

Talking of rubber, the United States is now being forced to spend one hundred million pounds on synthetic rubber, and even in this country we shall have to start rubber reclamation and use the synthetic article if we are to run our motor cars. Once again economic imperialism and big business monopolists have dug their own grave. In order to keep up prices they have not kept large stocks and they have restricted output and refused to permit rubber reclamation. Well, now the Japs have the rubber and we shall have to become independent of these interests.

* * *

Few people greet the new aerodrome defence scheme with more than very moderate confidence. That a plan has been devised at all is doubtless a good thing. But it bears familiar signs of having sustained a gruelling ordeal out there in the fiercely contested no-man's land between the War Office and the Air Ministry, under heavy fire from both sides. Aerodrome defence will be conducted by the newly formed Royal Air Force Regiment—rather oddly described as an "agent" for the Army with the R.A.F. Its Commander is a Major-General. Its second in command is an Air Commodore. Its officers will be seconded from the Army. Its men will wear R.A.F. uniforms "for walking out and ceremonial occasions," but Army battledress to do their work in. "General" responsibility for aerodrome defence will rest with the Army. "Operational" responsibility will be borne by the Commander-in-Chief in the area concerned. "Local" responsibility will be that of the R.A.F. Station Commander. ("Local" responsibility presumably includes avoidance of such incidents as the exploit of the four small boys who a few days ago "invaded" a British aerodrome, entered planes at will, and removed equipment.) The scheme may be better than it looks. Unfortunately, the record of the authorities in this matter is not such as gives them claim to the benefit of any doubts. And we know from grim experience what vigilance is necessary to prevent the thrill and clash of inter-departmental battle distracting too much attention from "the other war."

* * *

There has been, of course, a brisk fire of letters to the *Times* following the two sensational articles on production referred to in this journal last week. Most revealing was Lord Buckmaster's contribution on the subject of piece rates. The author of the original articles had drawn attention to the restraining effect of the men's fear that successfully increased productive speed on their part would result in the employer cutting the piecework price. Sir Alexander Ramsay, Director of Engineering and Allied Employers' National Federation, immediately wrote a long letter indicating the virtual impossibility of such a thing, adducing union agreements as a guarantee against it, and wagging his finger at the author of the articles for "giving publicity to this suspicion." And then Lord Buckmaster, who deplores "excessive" piece-rates went and let the cat out of the bag. "It may not," he wrote, "always be possible to reduce the rates paid, but other solutions can be found; for example suspending work on a particular article and arranging for its manufacture with a sub-contractor who is free to fix piece-rates on a fresh basis." You could hardly put it plainer than that. From the employers' standpoint it would seem that the ingenious Lord Buckmaster has missed, as the French say, an excellent opportunity to keep his mouth shut. In the light of his remarks the "suspicion" of the workers that there might be some hocus-pocus with piece-rates if their speed-up starts to bring them in "too much" money seems not quite so baseless as Sir Alexander Ramsay would like us to believe. And, talking of "Brakes on Production," I note with interest that Lord Buckmaster lightly recommends—as an alternative to paying high piece-rates—"suspending work on a particular article" until a suitable sub-contractor has been found. That will be something for the visiting Soviet Trades Unionists to put in their "This England" collection.

* * *

Private interests in the catering trade have been after Lord Woolton again with demands that the spread of British Restaurants should be checked. It looks as though Lord Woolton had given ground before their onslaught. He has promised that in future the private interests will be consulted before any more British Restaurants are opened. Almost the only complaint I have heard about British Restaurants from patrons, or would-be patrons, is that there are not enough of them. The spokesmen of the private interests, however, complain in the press and elsewhere that the British Restaurants are numerous, are cheap, are better supplied with food than other establishments, are dangerously and increasingly popular, and are partially run by voluntary labour. With the exception of the last point, all these would seem to be excellent reasons for extending the British Restaurant system. Apart from the fact that they provide good food at low prices, they clearly help to simplify and thus economise in food distribution, and incidentally offer less of a hunting ground for black-market racketeers than does the private trade. As regards voluntary labour, the private traders have a better case. For the employment of voluntary labour was defensible only when the British Restaurants themselves were seen as strictly "emergency" feeding places in suddenly blitzed areas. Now that they have established themselves as useful and popular institutions in any area where people want to eat well and cheaply at the same time, the voluntary labour system is an anomaly.

* * *

It now appears that last December the War Cabinet, despite Bevin's opposition, authorised the handing over of a number of Government-built arms factories to private management. Beaverbrook took the view that this was the best solution of the problem created by the Treasury's refusal to pay salaries to industrial managers at more than Civil Service rates, with the result that the best managers usually went to private firms. News of the War Cabinet's proposal came to the Labour Party's Administrative Committee in the middle of the controversy over the socialisation amendment to the Conscription Bill. Afraid to handle dynamite, they did not, I'm told, fully report the matter to the Party, but themselves sent a deputation to remonstrate with the Labour Members of the Cabinet. As a result, the proposal was held over. Now it appears that contracts are being drawn up to implement Beaverbrook's policy in a number of cases. Several questions have been put down by Labour Members to clarify the position. If the replies are unsatisfactory, political fireworks are likely.

* * *

Italian prisoners were ditching a field. A guard supervised their unenergetic labours. He was there to see that they did not escape, not to encourage them to toil. "How do you get on with your Wops?" asked the next door farmer, over the hedge. The soldier grinned broadly. "Man," he said, "there's nae pairt o' Italy that I havenae been invited tae!" CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to M. L. Jameson.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

"I listened to the Christmas Eve broadcast of High Mass from a Benedictine monastery in England," he said, "and it came as no surprise to me when, 12 hours later, I heard that Hong Kong had fallen. It was a judgment upon us for permitting the broadcast of such idolatrous practices."—Rev. Duncan MacDougall, Dunoon, quoted in *Glasgow Bulletin*.

Those born about sunrise should wear wool next to their skin in winter and in summer. On the psychological front, they should avoid introspection like the plague.—*Monthly Astrological Forecast*.

Hardly less interesting is the offer to General Chiang Kai-shek of the supreme command in China.—*Times* Leader.

Most of our golf courses are suitable for grazing, but should not be ploughed. I cannot imagine anything more unfair to absent golfers now in Navy, Army, and Air Force than that when they return home they should find their golf courses unplayable, thanks to the folly of those who insisted on their being ploughed up.—Letter from *Glasgow Herald*.

* The B.B.C. decision to continue the radio Christ play means that Broadcasting House has become a temple of blasphemy. It is an insult to the Saviour. The infamy is evidenced by the fact that the man chosen to impersonate the Lord Jesus Christ is a professional actor who won fame by his impersonation of Judas Iscariot at the Piccadilly Theatre, London.—Mr. H. H. Martin, secretary of the Lord's Day Observance Society, from the *Yorkshire Post* and *Leeds Mercury*.

A major and a captain were fined 10s. each at Lymington for riding together on a bicycle.—Report in *Daily Telegraph*.

Mr. Wedgwood Benn is fond of labour-saving gadgets. In his dressing-room are a number of strings. According to the one he pulls the suit which he has decided to wear descends from a concealed cavity in the ceiling.—Report in *Daily Telegraph*.

A WORKERS' WORLD

BLEAK hillsides, barren plains and malarial swamps are laboratories for one of the most unique social experiments modern civilisation has witnessed. From these backgrounds have emerged the collective farm settlements of Palestine; practical workers' communities which embody the essence of communalism, untainted by political pressure, and entirely free from personal compulsion.

This form of collective living was started some thirty-two years ago by the first labour Zionists who came to Palestine, determined to end once and for all time the bitter anomaly of the Jewish race. To these young men and women, labour was regarded with almost religious fervour, for only through its medium could they see hope of rebirth for a rootless and landless nation.

In the face of seemingly unsurmountable difficulties, they grouped together, tiny spots of civilisation in the desolate stretches which were Palestine in the beginning of the century. With their body-breaking task of reclaiming a national homeland from a barren, impoverished country, they combined the equally daring experiment of blazing a trail for a new social existence: a workers' world, in which everyone shared according to his needs. In this new society, the children were to become the proud responsibility of the community, not of the parents alone.

When these pioneers began, they had no set idea to work from. The present system of collective living (such a settlement is called a "kvutzah" in Hebrew) grew from their practical needs, the result of trial and error, and is still in a state of development and re-adjustment.

To-day there are 75 such settlements in Palestine, with a total of 25,000 persons living in them, including children. Of the Jewish population of Palestine, 25 per cent. are agricultural workers, although not all live in communal settlements.

The kvutzah resembles a large working family with an absolutely equal standard of living for all its members. Every settlement has a communal kitchen (the huge dining room also serves as the community room); a commisary which keeps in order and issues all supplies for members; and a collective children's home.

Settlements have anywhere from 50 to 1,000 members, but the system is the same throughout. Everyone does the amount of work he is able to do (when a member is ill, he naturally is not expected to work), but all alike receive their requirements. Or, if the commune is a poor or a new one, all are deprived alike.

There is no use for money in the kvutzah itself. No individual accounts are kept for any of the members. Only the finance committee is concerned with the external financial relations which naturally arise from marketing and payments of loans. Hebrew is the language of the settlement.

The most unique feature of the kvutzah is the children's home. This is always the largest and most comfortable building, or group of buildings, in the settlement. Here the children live from the time they are a few days old, separated into several age groups. Parents visit them in their free time, but their care and education is under the supervision of trained nurses and teachers.

From time to time supervisors are released for special courses, and sometimes are sent abroad, to enable these heirs apparent of a new social order to have the benefit of the best and most advanced that education can offer.

Probably there is no happier mortal than the child in the kvutzah. In addition to having everything in the way of food, clothing and living conditions that children in the most scientifically conducted homes can obtain, the kvutzah child has constant companionship of its own age, and enjoys the combined love and attention of the entire community. Quite literally, each member of the kvutzah considers the children as his sacred trust.

The treasurer of one kvutzah said to me: "Everyone takes it as a matter of course when, on the grounds of insufficient funds, I refuse holidays to members; important bits of machinery remain unbought; and our diet has to be considerably restricted. But if I intimate that some request or other from the children's home might be deferred until finances improve, the entire community looks on me as a monster!"

The system of education does not concern itself so much with giving the children a general smattering of knowledge, but tends rather to provide a background from which this new generation may emerge worthy citizens of labour Palestine, imbued with a deep sense of equality and social justice.

Education is approached from a social angle, and history, geography, etc., are studied in relation to each other and their influence on civilisation. Manual training is an essential part of the school curriculum, and most of the vegetables used in the children's kitchen are grown by the children. They also take turns in helping in the kitchen, and even the general cleaning of the kindergarten is accomplished with the active help of the small inhabitants.

From the age of five, the children's lives centre about the school house, which is more in the nature of a club. The wide general knowledge and independence of thought of these children who grow up in the small surroundings of their kvutzah is astounding.

"From his earliest days the child knows he is a member of a working society," the teacher told me, "and he realises that precisely because he is a worker, his knowledge must be that much greater."

Another social achievement is the new, independent breed of working woman who has arisen through the kvutzah mode of living. Women do a day's work just as the men, and in many cases engage in the same labour in the fields, about the dairy, or in building. In all cases they share equally in the privations, the dangers, and the responsibilities of the community.

For the woman in the kvutzah it is no longer a Utopian dream to be able to have children, and yet not pay the penalty of loss of freedom for weeks and months afterwards. Even if a woman becomes a member after she is pregnant, the community accepts without question the responsibility of the child, and accords to the expectant mother the same freedom from duties, and the special treatment every woman in the kvutzah receives.

Her baby is born in one of the scientifically equipped Workers' Sick Fund hospitals throughout Palestine, whose maternity wards are the finest in the Near East. When she is back in the settlement she and the baby receive such care as only a woman with a staff of servants could receive elsewhere.

Their clothing and diet are arranged by people specially trained for the purpose. The baby is cared for by the kvutzah nurses, and when a week old, is lodged snugly in the baby home with the other babies. The mother has six weeks' freedom after her confinement. She has no need to worry about attending to her husband or to her other children. They are absorbed as usual in the smoothly-running routine of the kvutzah.

The second generation is already growing up in the communal settlements. Living in their homeland among their own people, they are a race of Jews who have never experienced persecution. In appearance and mentality they are as far removed from the Jews of the Central European ghetto as if they lived in different centuries.

Few who are born in a kvutzah leave it to go to the city. The ideal of collective living for the purpose of creating a workers' world was begun as an experiment by those pioneers thirty-two years ago. It is no experiment to the generation born in the kvutzah. To them it is a basic principle of life.

ANITA ENGLE

THOUGHTS ON VITAMINS

FEW discoveries of our time have done more to cheer human beings than the discovery of vitamins. Here is the latest magic, and most of us—unless we are very well or very ill indeed—crave for magic. I do not use the word "magic" in a disparaging sense: a large part of me believes in magic, and I am sure, if I were a savage, I should be one of the last men in the tribe to question the cures recommended by the medicine man. My point is merely that we now look to vitamins to perform miracles in our constitutions and characters without any effort on our part beyond eating a vegetable we have never liked or swallowing a fish-oil that, on its merits and before the discovery of vitamins, we had always thought repellent.

Thus our spirits rise when we read that an Oxford doctor has invented a vitamin biscuit which will dispel irritability and turn us all into good-tempered human beings from the nursery to the slippered pantaloon stage. If this is not magic, there is no magic in the *Arabian Nights*. Imagine a world in which all you had to do in order to keep everybody you met good-humoured would be to carry a few biscuits in your pocket and, at the first sign of any one's getting cross, to hand him a biscuit and persuade him to eat it. Ill-tempered children, tempted by a chocolate-coloured biscuit, would be converted in the turning of a wrist from little demons into little angels. The schoolmaster, exasperated beyond endurance by one of the atrocious young, would find his wrath softening into a sunny smile as he chewed the magic biscuit that was offered him in place of an apology. Policemen would find it easier to control angry crowds by the distribution of biscuits than by the indiscriminate use of the truncheon. Colonels, biscuit-crammed, would lose their pepperiness. Occupants of the stalls, when you arrived late for the play and trod on their toes in the dark, would no longer make angry, inarticulate noises if only you pressed a biscuit between the lips of each of them as you passed.

Not that the biscuit in its present form works quite so quickly as this. In this early stage of discovery, apparently, it takes some time for the

vitamin to produce its full effect on the character. So far it has only been proved, by experiments on a number of students, that within a week human beings who have too little vitamin B 1 become querulous and that those who have plenty of vitamin B 1 become benevolently Dickensian. It ought not to be beyond the capacity of scientists, however, to speed up the work of the vitamin so that its effect should become immediate. This is an age of ever-increasing speed, as the motor-car and the aeroplane bear witness, and we may hope yet to see a vitamin that travels to its destination with the celerity of a ray of light.

The belief in the profound effect of food and drink on the character is, of course, an old one. Cannibalism, we are told, originated in the conviction that, if you ate the flesh of an enemy killed in battle, you acquired his courage. Beef-eating, again, is supposed by some people to endow you with the strong soul of the bull, though it must be admitted that very little of the beef we eat comes from a bull. T. W. H. Crosland used to argue a good many years ago that the English character had deteriorated owing to the extent to which mutton had displaced beef on the national menu. Fish, though it did not alter the character, was said to invigorate the brain. Drink, too, had its magical properties, transforming human beings in all manner of ways. It made men brave, as we see in the phrase "Dutch courage." It made them truthful: *In vino veritas*. It made them more friendly, if Burns is to be believed.

Drink, however, produces curiously different results on different natures. It makes one man amiable and another man quarrelsome. It leads alike to cheerfulness and to moroseness. I have known one man who under the influence of liquor would embrace his bitterest enemy: I have known another who under the same influence had no other thought in his mind than to go out and knock policemen's helmets off. Now, if the vitamin contained in drink—it has not yet been listed in the alphabet of vitamins, which so far reaches, I understand, only to K—produces such a variety of effects in human beings, can we be quite sure that vitamin A, B, C, or D will not be equally irregular in its action? We know already that vitamin-rich strawberries, which are good for most people, are poisonous to others. A friend of mine could not swallow the vitamins in an almond without finding his eyes closing like those of a drugged man. I wonder, therefore, whether even the carrot, the enemy of night-blindness, can safely be recommended as a universal cure?

As in the case of drink, however, I am inclined to think that the risk is worth it. When the Apostle urged Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake, he did not pause to consider whether Timothy might be one of the minority who, after taking a little wine, want to go out and knock policemen's helmets off. He followed a general rule. It has often been said that one man's meat is another man's poison, and no doubt the same kind of thing is true of one man's drink and one man's vitamin. Still, I hold that in the present state of knowledge we are justified in urging everybody to eat more and more carrots, leaving it to the individual to discover whether he is allergic to them or not.

Rats seem to be more fortunate than human beings in that they all respond to cures in exactly the same way. At least, I have never heard of one rat showing different symptoms from another after being experimented on with a vitamin. All rats appear to be as like as Robots. I read recently, for example, of an experiment on rats starved of vitamin B, which were offered "bottles containing a solution in water of synthetic thiamine chloride, a form of that vitamin." The writer goes on:

> Now in all rat-history no rat has even been confronted with an aqueous solution of synthetic thiamine chloride. There is no reason why it should be particularly attractive. Yet these rats immediately seized upon the bottles, and drank all they could get hold of. They resisted the removal of the bottles, hanging on with paws and teeth.

Here all the rats behaved in the same fashion. Even when an attempt was made to puzzle them by placing in the cage a dozen bottles, only one of which contained the vitamin B solution, the rats unanimously made for the right unsavoury bottle and, apparently, all equally benefited by it.

How different from the behaviour of the unratlike human being! Place a dozen children deficient in vitamins in an English nursery and leave a number of bottles of cod-liver oil on the floor, and how many of them do you think will make a rush for the life-giving fluid? How many of them will hold on to the neck of a bottle if you try to remove it? Not one, I fancy: certainly not more than one. The antipathy of the civilised child to what is supposed to be good for it is one of the world's wonders. Human beings seem to be the only animals that naturally detest vitamins. The child will not even admit that cod-liver oil in its pure state will do it good. Is the instinct of the rat, then, sounder than the instinct of the child, or is the suspicion of the child justified? I rather sympathise with the child.

At the same time, I cannot help believing in vitamins and continuing to hope against hope that one day they will enable me to see in the dark. A city councillor some time ago, confessing his preference of dripping to vitaminised margarine, said: "All this vitamin business leaves me cold." So say not I. I share the optimism of those who believe that vitamins will before long improve children's spelling and make it easy for them to pass examinations, and that, if you eat enough hips from the hedges, you will grow enormously cheerful. Hence I look forward to the universal consumption of the new vitamin biscuit. I shall then be able to nibble myself into perpetual good temper, and I know one or two people whom I will try to persuade to nibble themselves into good temper, too.

Y. Y.

WINTER SOLSTICE

It was the Summer solstice. The shortest night of the year was the cover of a crime. We now know from German diaries and the evidence of war prisoners how it was done. Hundreds of German divisions were long preparing for the attack. Signal flares flashed in the warm night. The first shots were fired. German planes bombed our cities. It was a Saturday night. People slept peacefully or danced at clubs. The Germans attacked stealthily, flying towards brilliantly lit cities, crawling in unmowed grass, swimming through frontier rivers.

That was half a year ago. Only half a year . . . to us it seems a hundred years; in wartime every day becomes a year. At that time we were still naive, there were many things we did not understand. We were gray-haired people with children's souls. To-day even our children understand all. We have grown a hundred years. Nothing raises a people so much as severe trials. Our loyalty has been tested with whitehot iron, our pride with tanks and bombs. We have uprooted the carefree spirit from our hearts, burnt out pusillanimity. We easily parted with our snug life and peace.

The months rolled on. The enemy was advancing, the eyes were growing harder. The people kept silent and silently they thought but one thing—to hold out.

The days were growing shorter all the time, and now Winter solstice has come round. The longest night of the year covers the snowy spaces. Over the white snow amid black night the Red Army men are advancing. They are pursuing the retreating enemy. We have held out.

Few German soldiers who crossed the frontier on June 22 have survived. Six months ago they laughed merrily—war seemed for them a recreation. They enthusiastically looted the first Belorussian villages. They discussed the relative merits of Serbian and Ukrainian bacon. They knew they were invincible. Had they not been in Paris? Had they not sailed as far as Narvik? Had they not climbed over the Epirus? When they came to us they were whistling tunes. Where are they to-day? In their graves.

Others came to replace them. Old men came, youngsters came, cripples came; they brought Spanish jail-birds, brought Rumanian cattle, brought Marseilles pimps, brought tramps from all Europe.

After Rostov, Tikhvin, Yelets, Klin, Kalinin, Ruza. They were finding out it is not all joy-riding in tanks or going on a spree. They have met their nemesis. The "invincible" German army is falling back from Moscow.

The Germans are still destroying our towns. They are still firing automatic rifles. They still have many divisions, they still have many tanks. But something has snapped in their accursed machine. They are no longer the same Germans as before. I saw them in Summer, 1940, in Paris. I look at them now and do not recognise them. Water erodes rock. Our resistance has eroded the German soul. Where is their erstwhile swagger? They do not sing. They shiver with cold; perhaps also with fear. They no longer dream of Moscow, but of a cow-barn with a roof on it. They whisper in one another's ear: "Winter is just beginning" . . . They are freezing to death in December. What will happen to them before February? On this Winter solstice night we can afford smilingly to remind them of the Russian proverb: "The sun is moving summerward, the winter frostward."

We know the enemy is still strong. There are names that scald our hearts, disturb our sleep, feed our hatred: Kiev, Odessa, Kharkov, Minsk, Smolensk, Pskov, Novgorod. We remember the martyred cities. We know millions of living Germans still trample our land. We will celebrate later. But to-day we say: The six months have not been lost for us. Not in vain did we go through the trying autumn, not in vain have we experienced the bitterness of retreat. We have learnt to defeat the Germans. We had been people on construction. We have become people at war.

Many trials are still ahead. Germany will not easily give up her mad dream. The spider will not easily relinquish the cities and countries which it is holding in its steel cobweb. The war of liberation has just started. The path of offensive is a long one—town after town, house after house. But the farther we advance the faster will be our step. We now know that the Germans are capable of fleeing. We know they have not only tanks but heels too. Now it will be easier to bear the temporary setbacks, privations, sacrifices. We now know we will win.

December 22. The sun is moving summerward, the winter frostward. We may add: and war victoryward.

Ilya Ehrenburg

FRANCE

Some truths flame, incandesce—others like the blue
Deep of the timeless fiord, or fires seen through husk of ice,
Wait. Truth is hate. This is France. No other necessity's
Afoot in the corn, in the coal-mine, erect on the castle at Saverne
In the full of the banished tricolor, the one put back there.
France is married to grief, bears grief's brood, is grief's cold widow;
The name of her peace is "death." This, after the breaking of the pulses,
The heart staggered, the brain convulsed, the nerve paralysed.
Somewhere in it all remained the empty zero hour—
Hate enters the zero hour; good. This womb shall make life again.
Who is hate? She has made him her only lover,
Single in purpose as a magic; as luminous, as multiple as star dust.
Hate like a little familiar animal has the freedom of the house,
The freedom of road and city. There is hate in a sou,
Hate in a crumb, in the grinding of tram wheels,
In the vin du bistro, and the mumbling monologue,
Hate in a harlot's shoe, in the priest's breviary leaves,
In the oil greasing a lathe, and the cobbler's broken awl.
Hate backwards and forwards, in the axles turning and all their echoes,
In the May Day muguet and the iron flowers of November,
Hate in leaves fallen and red buds to come,
In the breeze and the frost and the pool, in all the dying and renewing,
Hate climbing the curve of the circle—
Look, look, how the womb fills—like a moon approaching the full.

NANCY CUNARD

Nov. 16, 1941

THE MOVIES

"La Femme du Boulanger," at Studio One.
"Professor Mamlock," at the Tatler.
"The Sea Wolf," at Warner's.
"The Chocolate Soldier," at the Empire.
"You'll Never Get Rich," at the Regal.
"The Big Blockade," at London Pavilion.

The new films are not remarkable except in their variety, and I have put two revivals at the top of my list. *La Femme du Boulanger* bears seeing a second and a third time; Raimu's performance, the story given a stir by every breeze of gossip, the florid conversations, summertime, a village, the classical topics of joking and the feeling for human appetite make this film as evergreen as anything that has come into the cinema. Its fun doesn't date; its moral—the opposite, roughly, to that of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*—should have a perennial appeal for English audiences. *Professor Mamlock*, after being launched and withdrawn and launched again, remains much the best of the anti-Nazi films—the only one, in fact, which harrows without being stagey.

It is a drop down to the others. *The Sea Wolf* is a thundering drama of a three-master, with a villainous crew and Edward G. Robinson as the captain going brute-mad. Mr. Robinson has played lately so many roles of the respectable and great that we may find it a little difficult to reconcile those features with stark villainy; but he roars and threatens, the ship's surgeon jumps from the top-mast, the cook is thrown to the sharks, waves tower and hurricanoes spout, the ship founders, and with water in the cabin chest-high the lovers—there is a pair of lovers, of course, John Garfield and Ida Lupino—manage to escape to land and a new life. Good acting makes *The Sea Wolf* tough as well as sensational. But I came away from this Jack London story wondering what Mr. Robinson was doing *dans cette galère*.

Two musicals. *The Chocolate Soldier* has taken its plot from *The Guardsman* and its music from Strauss's operetta, and though it isn't as good as either, it provides some good singing by Rise Stevens and some good comic acting (in whiskers) from Nelson Eddy. An advance on Eddy and Macdonald, *The Chocolate Soldier* raises the standards of musical comedy a bit, and anything that does that deserves, I feel, support. *You'll Never Get Rich*, dancing by Astaire, tunes by Cole Porter, is fairly bright but lacks the lyrical mania of earlier Astaire films. Toes start tapping infectiously once or twice. Middle-aged comedy (rather off-form) by Robert Benchley.

The Big Blockade is an attempt to put over, in a big way, one of the most difficult lines of propaganda in this war. Everyone knows a little about the economic front, and when it flares up in a Battle of the Atlantic, in our bombing raids on Germany, in Hitler's push for Iran or the Ukraine, we nod wisely and say, "Ah, the blockade." It is the wrestler's grip in war, the stranglehold (we hope) on the enemy. But how does the blockade work, and how does the Axis grip compare with ours? *The Big Blockade* tries to answer these questions. Unfortunately long-term policies—with some important facts omitted—aren't easy to transfer to the screen. The method adopted is the documentary *collage* of such films as the March of Time's "America Prepares"; scenes from the Atlantic, quaysides, the M.E.W. conference room, the bomber cockpit, German breakfast tables and shelters, press home the lesson; Frank Owen expounds truculently and Leslie Banks (as a high official) persuades with charm. There are brilliant sequences, including a raid on a Nazi oil refinery, but the argument, the bits of conversation, the flashes of action, don't quite fit together. The jigsaw doesn't come out; still, we have been instructed and amused.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Nudes by Contemporary Artists at the Leger Gallery
United Artists at Burlington House

Contemporary painters are not usually at their happiest when painting the nude, if only because they are shy of the sensuality expressed in most of the great nudes by the old masters. The Leger Gallery has, however, assembled an interesting exhibition. There are two paintings and a remarkable drawing by Sickert, two fine pastels by Duncan Grant—always delightful in this medium, one good drawing (No. 42) by Augustus John, another by Kokoschka, a charming sketch by Pasmore, and good paintings by Gertler, Ethel Walker and Vanessa Bell. Dawnay's ambitious picture, though clumsy, contains beautiful passages, and it is good to see again an excellent Tibble. Denis Matthews is a most promising young painter with a personal and very delicate colour-sense. It is specially interesting to see figure-drawings by John Piper and Ivon Hitchens—the former enchantingly romantic in a strain similar to Bérard and Bermann, the latter admirably economical and decisive.

The Royal Academy has again generously opened its saloons to artists of all orders. But the show last winter suggested that objects did not make good neighbours when so different in purpose as a portrait by Mr. Elwes and a painting by Mr. Pasmore. Consequently this year few works of the latter type have been submitted. There are, however, paintings by Matthew Smith, Paul Nash, Ivon Hitchens, Mary Potter, Morland Lewis, Lawrence Gowing, Claude Rogers and Vera Cunningham—mostly in the first room on the right.

Some 17th Century Pictures at Agnews'

To see some old pictures again is a rare treat. The Seicento Italians appeal only to rather a specialised taste. They were usually so much preoccupied with grandeur, realism or dramatic psychology that beauty of paint was left to the Dutch, the Spaniards and the French. But Messrs. Agnew have produced one picture of extraordinary beauty, the Gentileschi that belonged to Charles I and that we admired at the Italian exhibition at Burlington House. The psychological interest is not absent; the girl has a knowing look, as if she were appraising the artist's amorous or financial potentialities, but the painting is of a refinement rare in Italian pictures of this period. This work certainly should be secured for one of our national collections. The Domenichino and the two Annibale Caraccis are also beautifully painted. Two pictures are attributed to Caroselli, though they can hardly come both from the same hand. The female head looks to have been painted not in the seventeenth but in the first half of the sixteenth century, and in the studio, if not by the brush, of Dosso Dossi. The Salvator is the most sumptuous of dining-room pictures, the Mola and the Ricci are full of charm, the Artemisia Gentileschi, although a religious picture, reminds one of a good portrait by Reynolds. A puzzle is provided by Lorenzo Lippi's portrait of a young man surrounded with botanical books: he looks a dandy and a rake but wears a halo. The Caravaggio is no doubt a rich specimen of this repulsive painter, and there is a Still Life, fine as well as characteristic, by the Brescian Baschenis. Altogether a most rewarding exhibition.

Correspondence

BREAD

SIR,—Your article on the subject of bread in this week's issue refers to "the great B1 mystery." Perhaps I can help to clear it up.

Shortly after I went to the Ministry of Food as Parliamentary Secretary in May, 1940, Lord Woolton appointed a Scientific Advisory Committee, presided over by the President of the Royal Society, Sir William Bragg. This Committee included most of the greatest living experts on nutrition.

One of the first subjects referred to it was bread. The Committee recommended that a National wholemeal loaf, made out of high extraction flour, should be offered to the public at the same price as white bread, and widely advertised. It also recommended that synthetic vitamin B1, together with a small quantity of calcium salts, should be added to all white flour sold in this country.

This advice was approved by Professor Drummond, and accepted by the Ministry. I remember that the arguments in favour of the retention of white bread which weighed most with us at the time were (1) the greatly superior keeping qualities of white flour, (2) the effect which would be produced by wholesale high extraction on animal feeding supplies, and (3) the undoubted preference of the public—particularly the manual workers—for white bread. At that time there seemed no reason to suppose that sufficient supplies of synthetic vitamin would not be available to fortify all the white bread sold in this country by last spring. Apparently they have not been forthcoming. Why I cannot tell. I know nothing of the import position, and (despite implications which have been made to the contrary) am not conversant with the affairs of Roche Products or any other firm of vitamin manufacturers. On the face of it there is no reason why ample supplies should not be obtainable in the very near future. A delay of a few months is certainly not fatal to a long-term policy of this nature.

One word in conclusion. The cause of freedom is very unpopular just now, and the advocates of individual liberty are having a hard time of it. Most people seem to have forgotten long ago that that is what we are fighting for. Nevertheless I am old-fashioned enough to believe that brown bread should not be forced down the throats of millions of people who loathe the sight of it, at the behest of a few "wholemeal" fanatics in Harley Street, unless it is vital to our war effort. There is no reason to suppose that this is the case. On the contrary, there are valid grounds for supposing that the psychological effects of such a policy on manual workers (e.g. the miners),

whose staple articles of diet have already been severely cut, might be serious. ROBERT BOOTHBY
R.A.F. Station.

SIR,—Your remarks are timely. We must reckon the present position of National Wheatmeal Flour as a deliberate deception of the people by the Food Ministry and (so far) a betrayal of national nutrition by the Health Ministry.

According to Circular 2470 received in June last from the Ministry of Health by local authorities, National Wheatmeal Flour was recommended as containing "the greater part of the germ of the wheat with some of the finer bran; but excluding the coarser bran. It thus contains not only most of the Vitamin B1 but also most of the remainder of the Vitamin B complex, as well as valuable mineral elements which are removed in producing white flour. National Wheatmeal Flour is therefore of high nutritional value and particularly valuable at times when there is restriction upon the availability of other foods from which these vitamins and minerals could be obtained."

Not to be behindhand, the Ministry of Food made and widely publicised a statement that the exclusive consumption of wheatmeal bread would effect a saving of one-fifth in the shipping space devoted to the transport of wheat.

Everyone interested assumed, on grounds of national nutrition, as well as for the preservation of shipping and sailors, that National Wheatmeal Flour was safe for the period of the war; but not a bit! That flour (with the sanction of the Food Ministry) can now be substituted by the ordinary 75 per cent. white flour coloured by bran, and only 7 per cent. of the population are actually eating the bread so highly recommended for its nutritious qualities by the Ministry of Health. The presence of 24 persons drawn from the milling trade in the Ministry of Food (as elicited by a question by Sir Ernest Graham-Little in the House of Commons) may indicate the reason why.

Are we taking this lying down? And especially the British Medical Association and the Medical Research Council (responsible for the specification of the *real* National Wheatmeal Flour); what are they prepared to do about it? H. PALMER,
Chairman Norwich Health Committee.

PRODUCTION

SIR,—Much of the confusion indicated in your well-informed article on the need for decentralised production arises, I am sure, from misconception of the words "Production" and "Supply," which are complementary and not synonymous in total planning. Total war forces the point, but comprehensive organisation in war or peace is concerned with the balancing of only four main interests. These are (1) Production, (2) Development or Planning, (3) Economics, and (4) Distribution or Supply. A Ministry of Production should, in the main, be devoted to the producer, and the Ministry of Supply to the consumer.

In May, 1941, planners had a notable success when their arguments for Regional Production Boards won the addition of Machine Tool Control, Transport Control, Works and Buildings, and Raw Materials representation to the old Area Boards. These arguments were based on the proof of work already done in District Clearing Centres for general production problems, not only machine capacity exchange. It was claimed that while self-help in the districts could do much to ameliorate the war effort in production, it was essential that at the regional level there should be a great measure of autonomy not only for labour supply, but also for the other prime factors of production, namely: plant, materials, buildings and transport. It was also recommended that there should be a regional controller of production programmes, but, without a Minister of Production who could devolve authority to such a controller, this last could not be yet agreed to.

Without intelligent co-ordination at headquarters, it was obvious that the reconstituted Regional Boards would not be able to do much. Consequently, when Lord Beaverbrook was made Minister of Supply, instead of recognising the true supply function, some of the perplexed ones in authority took the ridiculous fact (which neither Messrs. Burgin, Morrison or Duncan dared to) of the Machine Tool and Raw Material control responsibility to the Supply Minister, and began, with Machine Tool Emergency Powers Orders, to assume that somehow or other the Ministry of Supply might be converted into a Ministry of Munitions such as we had during 1914-18, when the war was not total. The result is, and must be, simply a scraping on the surface of efficient total machine tool and labour utilisation problem, leaving the main cause of our production inefficiency, bad loading, untouched.

The problem in total war will not be solved until, from the districts, through the regions to the national headquarters, we have a straight line of total production authority, with a Minister with supreme power over all production resources under the Prime Minister.

The Minister of Supply should be the buyer; the Minister of Production, the producer.

Winget Works, GEORGE DICKSON
Rochester.

COLOUR BAR

SIR,—Mr. Murray-Hughes is making a fundamental mistake over this colour bar question. He puts the blame on big business interests; but big business wants, above all, cheap labour, skilled as well as unskilled, and would welcome Africans were it not for their fear of white trade unionists, from the Union of South Africa and Southern Rhodesia, who want the best jobs for themselves. I can quote him chapter and verse for the attempt, largely successful, of the South African mine workers' secretary to get the colour bar imposed in the Northern Rhodesian copper mines.

It is white settlers in Africa that cause the trouble. They want the bulk and the best of the land, and they want their sons to get highly paid jobs in the Civil Service and in industry.

South Africa being a Dominion, out of our control, Southern Rhodesia is decidedly the danger-spot in British Africa. In Southern Rhodesia the Africans, with their reserves and the areas they can purchase, have but some 24 acres per head; the Europeans have some 690 acres, and much the best land. There are virtually no Africans in the Civil Service; they are illegally debarred from gold-mining, the country's chief source of wealth; and by law, by lack of training and by European public opinion they are prevented from advancing in trade and industry.

The "enlightened" Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia hoodwinks British people by talking of Africans advancing in their own lands. The life there is poverty-stricken, and there is little chance of advance allowed them—they cannot mine even if minerals are found on their own lands; the marketing of their scanty crops is restricted; they can earn but a pittance (about 12*s.* 6*d.* a month in peace-time) by working for Europeans: there is no money in their lands to pay for advance.

Southern Rhodesia needs the most careful watching. It has the largest European population in our African colonies; it wants to seize Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland and spread its policy there; Kenya and other colonies where there are Europeans will try to copy any successes it obtains. Is British Africa to become a preserve for white minorities out for their own interests? Is any group of whites who care to settle in Africa to become a Sudetenland? I am not exaggerating the situation. In 1937 the "enlightened" Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia was reported in the Southern Rhodesian papers as follows:

"The white man intended always to be the ruler. The reason was because there was so much difference between the negro and the Caucasian, or as Hitler called him, the Aryan." CITIZEN.

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VANSITTARTISM

SIR,—In last week's issue of your paper "Critic" writes: "When the pathology of this war comes to be written the *Sunday Times* will deserve very careful analysis." "Critic" then discusses the strange phenomenon of the greatest appeasers suddenly turning into the most rabid German-haters.

I don't think there is anything I can tell "Critic" on the subject which he does not know himself. Yet I think it may be permissible to anticipate some of the findings of the tribunal of history, since on our ability to grasp the deeper causes and issues of the war *now* may depend its successful prosecution.

At all times there existed an international of ruling-class interests, and since the advent of modern capitalism this international has conducted the affairs of the world. Jumping a whole chain of arguments and examples, which will one day become public knowledge, it can be said that whenever in recent years representatives of Big Business or Finance in this country were working for a closer understanding between Germany and Britain, they were by inner necessity thinking of a closer understanding between German and British ruling-class interests. That this collaboration between ruling-class interests was contrary to the interests of the great mass of the people of the countries involved is sufficiently known and has been most blatantly proved by the examples of Spain, Italy, France, etc. Once this is understood, there is nothing inconsistent in the appeasers' new attitude now that there is war between the nations. What was implied in their appeasing attitude before the war—namely, their hostility towards the "people" as distinct from their ruling class—is now open. It has the great double advantage of appearing not only absolutely justified, but even highly commendable and patriotic, while at the same time leaving the road open to a new understanding with the ruling class of the enemy country when the war is over. We may again quote the example of France to show to what extremes this attitude may lead if not *exposed and checked* in time. It is equally consistent with this attitude to single out for particular abuse (see the case H. Fraenkel) those representatives of the enemy country who, by their bearing and by the ideals they stand for, might pave the way of a new understanding between the common people of the countries involved in war.

LEOPOLD LOEWENSTEIN-WERTHEIM

17, Berners Street,
London, W.1.

SOVIET PROPAGANDA

SIR,—I was quoting the major pronouncements of Soviet policy during the last two months, not "isolated examples," when I pointed to the distinction drawn in Soviet propaganda between the Hitlerites and the German people. M. Molotov's Note, as you rightly say, makes the point still more clear. Mr. Werth's general observations cannot have the same weight, however one may esteem that distinguished colleague. The point is not the precise way in which expressions of hatred are formulated by Soviet citizens while they carry on the necessary work of exterminating the invader on Soviet territory (and thereafter of exterminating the Hitlerites outside it). The point is the declared main line of Soviet policy. I cannot follow Mr. Garry into the realms of metaphysics.

ANDREW ROTHSTEIN

37 Coolhurst Road, N.8.

THE CASE OF ALBANIA

SIR,—I am glad that you have published a letter on the case for Albania, and endorse every word of it. It is a case that should be supported by all lovers of justice and freedom.

The Ethiopians and the Albanians were ruthlessly sacrificed by us in the hope that by so doing we should appease Mussolini. Both were members of the League of Nations and entitled to our support. Neither obtained it. Nor did we buy peace!

That we should see them both righted is urgently necessary if we wish to preserve—and deserve—our name as champion of the oppressed. Had the oil concession granted to us by Albania proved to be of value it is unlikely that we should have allowed Italy to grab the land. Let it not appear that we champion only lands from which we expect immediate commercial benefit.

The Albanians are some of the oldest of the peoples of Europe. Through the Roman, the Byzantine, the Serb and the Turkish empires they have preserved their language and their sturdy individuality. After each empire collapsed they have risen again undaunted. That they should not only be allowed, but also aided, to survive the tin-pot empire of Mussolini is but their due.

But, so far, our Government has not given them a definite promise. On the eve of November 28, Albania's Independence Day, I was called on the 'phone by the B.B.C. and asked to send a message of greeting to the Albanians. I replied that I wished them a speedy restoration to independence, and was told that the Foreign Office would not permit this message to be sent. I protested in vain.

Ill-armed and unaided, the Albanians have harassed and sabotaged the Italians. But they have had no encouragement to believe that by making a combined effort they would obtain liberty. Above all they dread lest their land be partitioned and they themselves handed over as spoils of war. The Albanians are neither Slavs nor Greeks. They wish to live at peace with their neighbours, but not to be subjected to them.

If justice is to survive and the Atlantic Charter to be a valid and not a mere makeshift document, let Albania's claim to be independent be recognised at once. We shall thus gain a brave ally and save our reputation for honesty.

M. E. DURHAM

ADVERTISEMENTS IN PAPER

SIR,—"Critic's" paragraph about the shortage of books revives my regret that periodicals like the NEW STATESMAN should have to cut down the size and type of their publications, yet in a trade journal which comes to me every week seventeen pages out of twenty-four are advertisements all advertising a commodity of which no stocks are held by the advertisers. The commodity is held by Government and can only be sold against licence.

WM. OUGHTRED

Elm Hirst Lodge,
Wilmslow.

TRELAWNY

SIR,—Mr. David Freeman, in criticising Trelawny's *Adventures*, which I have found very readable, seems to be unaware that the larger *Felidae* are, like the Puma in the U.S.A., habitually called "tigers" in British colonies, and that they do not go about singly, and he cannot have seen the recent picture in the *Times* showing Penang and the adjacent serrated Malayan mountains.

OLIVIER, G.C., L.B.

Wychwood,
Bognor Regis.

SIR,—The friends of Byron, I note, go on being hard on Trelawny. But why? Why be so exclusive and silly? I like both.

I simply cannot understand why there should be so much fuss about Trelawny's having had a look at Byron's club-foot. It is very exquisite of my friend Mr. Harold Nicolson to mind. It seems to me very natural on Trelawny's part (he was nothing if not natural), and really rather a duty to posterity.

The slight difference between his accounts would appear to suggest that he didn't look long enough.

Why such noble, such unreal standards? Come off it, Mr. Nicolson!

A. L. ROWSE

St. Austell,
Cornwall.

[Shall Trelawny die? Yes, it's about time this correspondence ceased for 40,000 *N.S. & N.* readers will ask reason why.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHAT is it that attracts us to the Russian novelists of the nineteenth century? The aristocratic culture made more vivid by its twilight? The feeling, so readily understood by English readers, for ennui? No. The real attraction of that censored literature is its freedom—the freedom from our kind of didacticism and our plots. The characters of our novels, from Fielding to Forster, get up in the morning, wash, dress and are then drilled for their roles. They have got to prove some practical point in morality or psychology before the book is done. In nineteenth-century Russia, under the simpler feudal division of society, there is more room to breathe, to let the will drift and the disparate impulses have their ancient solitary reign. In all those Russian novels we seem to hear a voice saying: "The meaning of life? One day that will be revealed to us—probably on a Thursday." And the day, not the insistence of the plot or purpose, is the melodic bar. We see life again, as we indeed know it, as something written in days; its dramas not directed by the superior foreknowledge of the writer, but seeming to ebb and flow among the climaxes, the anti-climaxes, the yawnings of the hours. Turgenev, who knew English literature well, used to say that he envied the English novelists their power to make plots; but, of course, he really disdained it. The surprises of life, the sudden shudders of its skin, are fresher and more astonishing than the willed surprises of literary convention or the teacher's lesson. And in seeing people in terms of their anonymous days, the Russians got, by a paradox, a sense of timelessness in their books. Gogol, for example, seems to date far less than Dickens. In the Russians there is an humility before the important fact of human inertia, its wish to move and grow, its habit of returning to itself. This is true of Turgenev; obviously true of Chehov, and I think also of Dostoevsky. His dynamism and complex narratives are the threshings and confusions of a writer who—if we consult his notebooks and letters—could never bind his mind to a settled subject or a fixed plot.

Yet this use of the eventless day or turmoil could not alone give the Russian novel its curious power; indeed, it can be its weakness. No novelists are easier to parody. Those people picking their noses at the windows, trying on their boots while they go through passion and remorse! The day is as much a convention as anything we are inured to. What gives those novels their power, and those persons their gift of moving us, is something which comes from a profound sense of something haunting the day. There lies on those persons, even on the most trivial, the shadow of a fate more richly definitive than the fate of any individual human being. Their feet stand in time and in history. Their fate is corporate, the fate of Russia itself, a fate so often adjured with eloquence and nostalgia, oftener still with that really medieval humility which has been unknown to us since the Renaissance, and which the Russians will equate mystically with the fate of humanity itself.

I have been reading Turgenev again this week and dipping occasionally into Avraham Yarmolinsky's thorough and discerning evaluation of him. It was to the great advantage of the Russian novelists that they had to react to the Russian question; a great advantage, too, that the Russian question was to become a universal one—the meaning and necessity of the rise of the masses. The consequence is that Turgenev's political novels—especially *Rudin* and even *Fathers and Children*—are less dated outside of Russia than they are inside it, for we can afford to ignore the detail of their historical context. I first read *Rudin* during the Spanish Civil War; and, dying on his foreign barricade, Rudin seemed to me (and still does seem) one of "the heroes of our own time." At the end of all Turgenev's political stories one may detect the invisible words "And yet . . ." left there by his hesitant and tentative genius. He is so close to the ripple of life's process of becoming, that at the very moments of departure, decision, farewell, he seems to revise and rejuvenate. The leaf falls, but the new bud is disclosed beneath the broken stalk.

Turgenev solved the Russian problem for himself, as he solved his personal question by an ingenious psychological trick. It is rather irritating, it is a little comic on the personal side, but it was serious and successful. It was the trick of assuming a premature old age. Now this device was a legacy of Byronism. One can see how it must have infuriated his younger contemporaries to hear him declare that at 35 his life was finished—even though people did "finish" earlier than we do, in those times—and then to have him live another 30 years in full possession of his pertinacious faculties. It was a kind of alibi. For behind the mist of regret, that autumnal resignation, the tenderness and the wave of the scented handkerchief in a goodbye that was never quite goodbye, there was a marksman's eye. Yarmolinsky speaks of him stalking his characters as he stalked his grouse on the steppe of Orel or Kaluga. Every time, he picks off his man and notes, as he does so, his place in the Russian fauna. Look at this from *A Nest of Gentlefolk*:

> I want above all to know what you are like, what are your views and convictions, what you have become, what life has taught. (Mihalevitch still preserved the phraseology of 1830.)

The comic side of this adroit sense of time—so precise, so poetic and moving in his writing—comes out in Turgenev's private life. His autumnal disguise enabled him to give his large number of love affairs a protective fragility. The autumn is the hunting season.

A Sportsman's Sketches, A Nest of Gentlefolk, Fathers and Children—those are the perfect books. Turgenev is the poet of spring who eludes the exhausting decisions and fulfilments of summer and finds in the autumn a second and safer spring. He is the novelist of the moments after meetings and of the moments before partings. He watches the young heart feel its first rise of feeling. He watches it fall, winged, to the common distorted lot. The young and the old are his fullest characters: the homecoming and death of Bozarov and the mourning of his parents are among the truest and most moving things in literature. To this tenderness, this capacity to observe the growth of character and the changes of the heart, as the slow days of the steppe change into the years that rattle by in Petersburg or Baden, there is, as I have said, a shrewd, hard-headed counterpart, the experienced shot:

> In the general the good-nature innate in all Russians was intensified by that special kind of geniality which is peculiar to all people who have done something disgraceful.

Or:

> Of his wife there is scarcely anything to be said. Her name was Kalliopa Karlovna. There was always a tear in her left eye, on the strength of which Kalliopa Karlovna (she was, one must add, of German extraction) considered herself a woman of great sensibility.

Or:

> Panshin's father, a retired cavalry officer and a notorious gambler, was a man of insinuating eyes, a battered countenance, and a nervous twitch about the mouth.

Looking back over the novels, one cannot remember any falsified character. One is taken from the dusty carriage to the great house, one meets the landowners and the servants, and then one watches life produce its surprises as the day goes by. Turgenev has the perfect humility. He refrains from knowing in advance. In *Rudin* we are impressed by the bellows of the local Dr. Johnson; enter Rudin, and the brilliant young man demolishes the doctor, like a young Shelley; only himself to suffer exposure as the next day shows us more of his character. His people expose themselves, as in life people expose themselves, fitfully and with contradiction. The art is directed by a sense which the English novel has never had—unless Jane Austen had something of it—the sense of a man's character and life being divisible into subjects, Career, love, religion, money, politics, illness and the phases of the years are in turn isolated in a spirit which is both poetic and scientific. There is no muddle in Turgenev. Romantic as he may be, there is always clarity, order and economy. He writes novels as if he were not a story-teller, but a biographer.

It was Edward Garnett who, in defending the disputed portrait of Bazarov, pointed out that Bazarov ought to have been judged as the portrait not of a political type, but of the scientific temperament. (There is nothing wrong with Bazarov really, except that Turgenev showed him in the country, where he was a fish out of water, instead of in the city.) This temperament was Turgenev's, and because of it one easily discounts the inevitable sad diminuendo of his tales, the languid dying away which is the shadow of his own wish in his work. The rest stands clearly and without date. But the method has one serious weakness. It almost certainly involved drawing directly from life, and especially it meant that Turgenev was (or thought he was) stimulated to write by an interest in living persons for their own sake. Turgenev knew his own lack of invention, his reliance on personal experience, and he studied character with the zeal of a botanist watching a flower; but, in fact, the study of character, for a novelist, means the selection or abstraction of character. What is selected is inevitably less than what is there, and since he was (as he said) governed by the actual life story which he saw, he does not add to or transform his people. They have the clarity of something a little less than life. What is missing from them is that from which he personally recoiled—fulfilment. Spring, autumn—but no summer. If success is described, it is by hearsay. Marriage, for Turgenev, is either scandal or rather embarrassing domesticity, something for a fond, indulgent smile, but a quick get-away. Strangely enough, it is his objectivity which leads to his limpness.

There are two qualifications to add to this criticism. One is suggested by *A Sportsman's Sketches*. His people derive a certain fullness from their part in the scene of the steppe, which none described better than he. In this book, his scrupulous habit or necessity of stopping short at what he saw and heard gave his portraits a laconic power and a terrible beauty. There the Russian day brings people to life in their random moments. The shapelessness of these pieces is the powerful shapelessness of time itself. The other qualification is the one I have indicated at the beginning of this article. If his people lack the power to realise themselves because he lacked it in his own life, they have their roots in the fate of Russia. You localise them in a destiny which is beyond their own—tragic, comic, whatever they are—in the destiny of their society. If they fail, Russia goes on. One remembers that startling chapter at the end of *A Nest of Gentlefolk*, where, after the bitter end of Liza's love, the novelist returns to the house. One expects the last obligatory chords of romantic sorrow, but instead, there is the cruel perennial shock of spring:

> Marfa Dmitrievna's house seemed to have grown younger; its freshly painted walls gave a bright welcome; and the panes of its open windows were crimson, shining in the setting sun; from these windows the light merry sound of ringing young voices and continual laughter floated into the street.

The new generation had grown up. It is the most tragic moment of his writing, the one most burdened with the mystery of time as it flows through the empty light of an unexceptionable day.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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PROLEGOMENA TO RICHARD II

Richard II. By ANTHONY STEEL. *Cambridge University Press.* 16*s.*

This, I thought, is the kind of book I like. I disapprove of books about history by non-historians. Here is a book, of a manageable size, about a singularly fascinating figure among our mediaeval kings, an important tract of history which it takes a real authority on the period to interpret, in a way a decisive reign, which ends with a revolution not less significant than that of 1688. Here is a scholar, neither too old nor too young, who has been working at the period for some years and is a master of the subject. What more fortunate, more promising conjunction? And yet, with the best will in the world, I cannot find it in my heart to say that this is a satisfactory book.

For one thing, it is far too difficult. No doubt there is a great deal of difficulty inherent in the subject. With mediaeval subjects a lot of evidence at important points is missing, and historians are thrown back on conjecture, reconstruction, interpretation. On such points, Mr. Steel is always acute and ingenious, often convincing. I speak as no authority on the subject; but I cannot help wondering whether it was necessary to be as difficult to follow as Mr. Steel is at various places in the narrative. It seems to a plain modernist that mediaevalists have come to take such delight in their own *expertize*, but they can hardly see the wood for the trees. Certainly their readers cannot. This kind of thing among specialist historians has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. I should have thought that when one built a house, one removed the scaffolding; that in writing history one's object should be to leave a plain, polished surface, a clear, intelligible narrative, with all the knots and rugosities removed for the reader. Yet here one has the views of Miss Maud Clarke as against those of Professor Tout on obscure constitutional points all mixed up with Bolingbroke and John of Gaunt and Richard II. It is inelegant, inaesthetic. It may to some extent have been unavoidable to refer to these contemporaries; but why not relegate them and their discussions to footnotes or articles in the *English Historical Review*?

It is a pity; for this is a good subject and there are many good things in the book. To a mere modernist, Mr. Steel would appear to be a safe and a cautious guide through the tortuous twists and turns of the politics of the reign; his judgment of situations and characters, including on the whole his view of Richard himself, to be sound and sensible. But why could he not have let himself go a bit? His reference to Bolingbroke's character is admirable: "that cold judgment, shrewd sense of self-interest, and brilliant timing which were to serve him so well." One would have appreciated a full-length estimation of so important a figure, a character-sketch of the astute and subtle Archbishop of Arundel who played such a part in bringing Richard down (it reminds one of another Archbishop, another abdication), some portrayal of such personalities as York, who seems to have been an interesting man, cultured, easy-going, agreeable, among the ruffians so many of these feudal magnates were. On the other hand, Mr. Steel appears to me to overdo the neurotic side to Richard: after his experiences of the magnates, impossible people, selfish to a degree, utterly irresponsible, riddled with class-interest, grasping and rasping, uncultivated boors (such men as Arundel, brother of the Archbishop, and Gloucester thoroughly deserved their fate at Richard's hands), one can well understand his course of action in the last years of his reign. He meant to rule, and perhaps as an absolute king: who can blame him against such men? Nor were his political measures at all ill-calculated to that end. It was ill-luck, even more than over-reaching himself, that brought him down, and not a failure of political sense. He had, probably, to go on his Irish expedition; and that presented a heaven-sent opportunity to the Whig oligarchs. It was 1688, three hundred years before.

One has a feeling of profound social upheaval and disturbance going on underneath, of which the Peasants' Revolt, the political instability, the literature of social discontent are all expressions. What was it due to? Mr. Steel does not make it clear, nor does he bring it sufficiently into the foreground. It was an unquiet, restless, disturbing time; it was also a brilliant time. These same factors, whatever they were, were responsible for a flowering of cultural activity: the invention of the Perpendicular style in architecture (the one great English contribution to that art), Richard's building Westminster Hall, the founding of New College. Chaucer and Langland, the culmination of our mediaeval painting and monumental brasses. The stresses and strains of that time went deep, but they were certainly fertilising.

It is a pity that Mr. Steel has not taken these things in his stride, of infinitely greater interest and value than the constitutional minutiae in which some schools of mediaevalists love to bury themselves. He might have given us the definitive study of Richard and his brilliant, tragic reign; instead, he has chosen to give us the prolegomena to it. If well-equipped and scholarly historians do not know how to write their books, can we wonder at popular authors rushing into the field, carrying off the prizes and, what is more important, the reading public with them? A. L. ROWSE

CÉZANNE'S LETTERS

Paul Cézanne: Letters. Edited by John Rewald. *Bruno Cassirer.* 15*s.*

It seems a pity that the first collected edition of Cézanne's letters should have appeared in translation. Or has M. Rewald published, since 1939, an edition in French of which we in England know nothing? On this and some other points the Preface is not so explicit as one could wish. Anyhow, the British student must rely on Miss Marguerite Kays's version, and frankly, I advise him to lean lightly; for often, as he reads, he will find himself wondering what the master really did say, and attempting to retranslate the translation.

"Well, I was rather annoyed to find this, because it would be the sign of too great an indifference to things of art or the pudic assumption of a disinterest which one does not feel for certain subjects." (Page 143.) I think I can guess what Cézanne wanted to say: but the sentence, had it been left in the original French, would have been more intelligible to anyone so much as smattering that language than this English which is barely English.

But let no one conclude that this translation is unreadable. On the contrary, anyone who can bear with translators' English will read it easily enough; indeed, as translators' English goes Miss Kays's is rather above the average. Only, *le style est l'homme même*, and unless we know exactly what Cézanne wrote we cannot know exactly what he thought and felt. Luckily all of him that matters went into pictures. Judging from such of his letters as I have read in the original, I surmise that what he attempted to express in words was never of wide importance, though occasionally towards the end of his life he tried to say things that are of considerable interest to painters. Anyhow, from what we have here we must not hope to get a notion of the man in all his complicated oddity. Some vague image may be deducible from the text, but nothing of the sort is to be inferred from translation. "Are you well? I am very busy, by Gad, very busy" begins an early letter to Zola. What was the French for "Gad"? Was it merely "dieu"? Or did the young Cézanne use patois or some word of irreverent slang? For it is the choice of a word, the turn of a phrase, which betrays a writer's mood or colours his meaning, which expresses the man—or gives him away; and in translation these letters leave us still wondering what Cézanne really did say.

From this book, then, we must expect no more than some new facts and expressions of opinion; though, to be sure, Mr. Gerstle Mack, in his classic biography, has left few of either unrecorded. Also, we must be on our guard against taking for gospel the comments of an annotator who informs us on page 118 that "Cézanne received the Légion d'Honneur in 1888." As was to be expected, Zola comes out extremely well; indeed, it is bewildering almost to discover how completely Cézanne depended on him and how incessantly asked favours. If Cézanne really quarrelled with such a friend because he disliked what he conceived—rightly, no doubt—to have been a portrait of himself in *L'Oeuvre*, Cézanne was a fool. Zola is supposed to have turned against him in the end and to have spoken contemptuously of his art. I can only repeat what George Moore—no great admirer of Cézanne—told me. George Moore, naïvely enough, had asked Zola whether, when he created the character of Claude Lantier, he had in mind Manet. "No," replied Zola, "I had in mind an artist who has '*bien autrement de talent*.'" But Cézanne was outrageously touchy, and the disease, which grew on him with the years, appears to have been aggravated by a certain amount of injudicious hero-worship from the young. Like cats and parliaments, according to Cromwell, he "grew curst with age," as two cantankerous letters—one to Oller and the other to Le Bail—show clearly enough. Anyhow, it is pleasant to know at what hour the master habitually went to bed, and even pleasanter to learn it from a letter which begins: "My dear Émile, I went to see '*L'Assommoir*,' and am very pleased I did so. I had the best possible seat, and I did not sleep at all although I am accustomed to go to bed soon after 8 o'clock."

Anything that Cézanne has to say about painting is of interest—that goes without saying. At the same time it must be remembered that, like most artists, he deduced from his experience a certain number of maxims and theories, useful to himself, which he invested with universal validity, which of course they had not. Did not Proust do likewise? His opinions are worth recording because they are the opinions of Cézanne. Thus, in 1902, he told Gasquet that he "despised all living painters except Monet and Renoir"; but two years later, in a letter to Émile Bernard, admitted that he "liked Redon's talent enormously." To Camoin he wrote: "All things, particularly in art, are theory developed and applied in contact with nature"—a sweeping statement but pregnant. While in the letter to Bernard from which I have already extracted a phrase—one of the most informative letters in the collection—he warns us that "Taste is the best judge. It is rare. Art only addresses itself to an excessively small number of individuals." I am glad he reminded us of that. Truth to tell, far too much fuss has been made about the sayings of Cézanne. Naturally his remarks about painting and his advice to young painters are often memorable, not so much as aids to students and amateurs, as because they throw light on his own experiences, hopes and passions. They are not more illuminating, however, than the *obita dicta* of other great artists—Ingres for instance—or, for that matter, of many little ones. CLIVE BELL

GREEKS, GOTHS AND GOETHE

Goethe and the Greeks. By H. TREVELYAN. *Cambridge Press.* 18*s.*

Had Mr. Trevelyan divided the sheep from the goats in his book on *Goethe and the Greeks*, separating Interpretation from Information, the great intellectual pleasure to be found in its pages would have been doubled. Useful though the informative portions are, and however convenient it may be to have the evidence of Goethe's knowledge of Greek things collected together between the covers of one book, much of it is already so well known that it stales the freshness of the author's interpretative approach by its continual irruption. This, of course, does not detract from the usefulness of the book, from the learning,

patience and care with which these parts have been compiled, from the value of the date-chart, the bibliography and the analysis of Goethe's hexameters. But it does diminish the effect of the author's main thesis : the birth, growth, development and decline of an obsession compounded in almost equal parts of Philhellenism and Graecophobia.

It is this dual aspect of an emotion which other critics have been wont to regard as almost exclusively Philhellenic, which Mr. Trevelyan lays bare, thereby revealing the outlines of an extremely curious conflict. He depicts the early romantic longing, yearning and despair for the glories of Winckelmann's Greece now vanished from the world, under which Goethe suffered so greatly in Weimar, and which his present critic acutely discerns in the symbolism of *Proserpina* :

> Proserpina tastes the fruit. A momentary joy is followed by the frightful realisation that now all escape is impossible. By tasting the knowledge of the Ideal, which was once living in Greece, we drag the Ideal into our hateful world of darkness and suffering. Both it and we must suffer eternally ; we, because we can never now be content and yet are impotent to make our vision real ; the Ideal, because it is powerless to change the world, into which it has been dragged. So with a bitterness of despair which is equalled hardly even in Faust, Goethe gave expression to his sense of frustration in face of the Greek ideal.

But this uncritical worship from a distance did not last for ever. Goethe, approaching the Greeks through the study of their tragic writers, experienced the same sense of shock and recoil which had given so great an emotional impetus to the *Querelle des Anciens et des Modernes*. In a word (though it is not Mr. Trevelyan's word) he felt all the righteous horror of a Goth when faced with a naked work of art. The only question was whether to destroy it or to mutilate it. He chose the latter alternative, attempting in *Iphigenie auf Tauris* to " put the failure of the Greek spirit right with Greek material." In all the simplicity of his " noble savage " mind he believed that they " had had a unique revelation of Beauty. . . . But in the Good and the True they had fallen short of the highest as Goethe saw it." All this of course is an old story, told in the first instance in two words by Goethe himself, who, looking back with civilised disdain on his Gothic masterpiece, labelled it " *verteufelt humanes*." But, retold by Mr. Trevelyan, who vividly stresses Goethe's intimate dread of coming to hate the Greeks (those gods of beauty) for their cruelty, treacherousness and revengefulness, it irradiates Iphigenie's desperate loyalty to *her* gods with a new beauty, and brings the weirdly lovely *Parzenlied* into true focus at last. The same heightening of interest and sympathy is effected by the new reading of *Elpenor*, that unfinished " Greek " tragedy, which no critic has hitherto succeeded in making any real sense of, but which yields up its secret now :

> All four leading characters . . . are, in their ruthless assertion of selfhood, far nearer to the characters of Greek tragedy than to those of Goethe's *Iphigenie* . . . Yet it is certain that the play was to end in reconciliation. This can only have come about by a change in the characters of the principals or rather by the victory of humane ideals (what one might call " Iphigenie-morality ") in characters which appear to make such a victory impossible.

But he did not altogether abandon the struggle. In the contemplated drama *Iphigenie auf Delphos*, the violent and revengeful Electra was to be saved from assassinating her sister, unaware of her identity, at the eleventh hour. Goethe himself believed that if this scene came off " it would be as noble and moving as anything that has ever been seen on the stage." Mr. Trevelyan shows with piercing clarity why it never could have come off :

> The problem that Goethe was attempting once again to state and to solve in dramatic symbolism was the same that had inspired *Elpenor* [and *Iphigenie*] : the problem of Greek inhumanity. . . . The two moralities were to meet, to come into conflict, the one was nearly to destroy the other ; but they were to find reconciliation in the realisation that they were sisters, co-equals, diverse but not opposed, who had never wronged each other.
>
> It will be objected that a reconciliation on this basis is still no solution. " Iphigenie-morality " and " Electra-morality " cannot hold sway together as co-equals in one mind ; and so long as Goethe was so much a modern at heart as to see his ideal in Iphigenie, he must continue to reject Electra . . . In Goethe's mind the Greeks were still condemned for their belief in an inhuman world-order.

It was the last expiring flicker of the Gothic period ; the pagan epoch was approaching, Graecophobia was worsted and Philhellenism won the day, to lead Goethe on to yet another conflict, yet another crisis, and yet another defeat, all of which are accurately and faithfully depicted in this book. In this portion, however, Mr. Treyelyan does not break essentially new ground, and has the usual heavy work to perform in trying to put *Helena* over to a reluctant public. He himself is one of the initiates, and believes that here " with the assurance of the master Goethe firmly seized and plucked the nettle of Greek inhumanity, and treated it as the Greeks themselves had done, making new life and beauty out of a tale of terror." There is no disputing such opinions ; but enthusiasm for Goethe's Helen trips the author up, when he declares that :

> Wherever in *Faust, Part II* Helen's influence is absent, there the elemental forces, selfish, aimless, weak, ephemeral, hold sway.

I will not embark on an inconclusive argument with Mr. Trevelyan as to whether or not Helen *y est pour quelque chose* in Faust's tragically ironical and tragically beautiful ending ; for I imagine that he would counter this with *Frau Sorge* and the *Lemuren*, even at the risk of misinterpreting the passage. But I should like to ask him which of the epithets : selfish, aimless, weak or ephemeral he would apply to the saints and angels who bear Faust's immortal soul upwards to the eternal regions ?

I should like to ask him a much more fundamental question than that. Did Goethe really make Hellenism live again in the modern world ? Did not his " Greek " works rather deaden that living spirit which was later quickened to new life by Nietzsche ? This fundamental and controversial question is capable perhaps of no satisfactory answer ; but the sense of relief with which one escapes from *Iphigenie*, *Achilleis* and *Helena* to Euripides and Homer is a factor in the problem as a whole.

E. M. BUTLER

MR. SYDNEY DARK

Not Such a Bad Life. By SYDNEY DARK. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 15*s.*

The Red Bible. By SYDNEY DARK. *Gollancz.* 5*s.*

Mr. Sydney Dark has been described, he tells us, as " the professional purveyor of mediaevalism to cheery chaps in chasubles, for he was from 1924 to 1941 editor of the *Church Times*. In fact, his comments detonated in that periodical each week in favour of liberal policies and principles. He calls himself a Socialist, but his Socialism is of the sort, unluckily superannuated, that derives from Morris rather than from Marx. A devout Anglo-Catholic, he deplores the political Conservatism to which the Anglican laity, despite the influence of such men as Gore and Scott-Holland, are still so usually addicted. He is a journalist of the first order, and his trenchant autobiography makes excellent reading.

Born in the 'seventies of lower middle-class stock—his father sold cricket-bats to the father of H. G. Wells—he worked as a clerk, an actor and a singer before he became a journalist. He was successively theatrical correspondent on the *Daily Mail*, reporter and leader-writer on Pearson's

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Express, and editor of *John o' London's Weekly*. His interests are as varied as this career suggests, and his anecdotes concern actors no less often than ecclesiastics. (Incidentally in his encomium upon Marie Lloyd he says that her coarseness was clean and straightforward, but I recollect jokes of hers more blue than anything in the modern cabarets that Mr. Dark finds so disgusting.)

He has a pretty taste for invective. His political sympathy with the Bishop of Birmingham, his theological sympathy with Lord Halifax and Sir Samual Hoare, do not protect these gentlemen from his merited censure. The Archbishop of York he considers the one outstanding figure in contemporary religious life, while Dr. Inge seems to him "the most mischievous enemy of true religion of his generation." He describes a meeting with Dr. Buchman: "His Teutonic origin was evident in his appearance, and in manner he was the typical spellbinder, the sort of man who makes a comfortable income in the United States as a book agent." After listening to a Buchmanite missioner in silence, Mr. Dark once broke out:

> So far as I understand, your object is to make comfortable people still more comfortable. To their well-clothed backs and well-fed stomachs you want to add complacent souls and the comfortable confidence of ultimate salvation. . . . To make the well-to-do comfortable is to burlesque the Christian religion. . . . Your claim to stop strikes by preaching moral rearmament would be disgraceful if it were true. The Christian leader should encourage strikes, if workers are over-worked or underpaid. I consider your whole movement from every point of view as utterly damnable.

He furthermore declares that Quisling was one of Dr. Buchman's converts.

Mr. Dark's attitude to racial heresies is equally firm. He states that marriages between black men and white women have often been happy, and adds what ought for a Christian to be a platitude, that it is better for a white woman to marry a good coloured man than a bad white man. He considers that "the more closely and intimately the Jew becomes an integral part of the general national life, the better it must be for him and for us." Yet he is a champion of Zionism, which must make such integration more difficult.

He justly assesses the absurdity of the extreme Protestant party in the Church of England "most of them old and rich, and a large proportion retired soldiers." It would be amusing to hear his comments on their latest prank—the protest against Miss Sayers's worthy if uninspired dramatisation for the B.B.C. of the Life of Christ. Nothing upsets some Christians so acutely as any attempt to make Christianity seem real.

I have a personal grudge against Mr. Dark because the *Church Times* once grossly, though unintentionally, misrepresented something I had written—and offered no apology. But all I can find to say against this lively and sympathetic book is that it lacks an index and does not lack misprints.

Mr. Dark has recently also compiled an anthology from the Bible of passages that denounce social sins, particularly those of the rich, or that commend a way of life based upon justice and fraternity. The Hebrew Prophets and the authors of the Apocrypha were, like almost all moralists, concerned with man's inhumanity to man. But the Scriptures reflect various stages of ethical development, and Mr. Dark goes very far when he suggests that they imply the ideal of liberty, equality and fraternity. Kindness to slaves is commended, but not their emancipation. The anthology would have been more useful if Mr. Dark had summarised the teaching of the Church, upon whose authority the canon of scripture ultimately depends. If moral theologians had not whittled down the earlier Christian teaching on usury, modern society must have developed differently. Catholics have been less obsessed than Protestants with the sin of impurity, but almost all Christians have been too busy with this to attack adequately the equally grave and socially more deleterious sin of usury.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

NIGHT LIFE

English Night Life. By THOMAS BURKE. *Batsford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Readers who enjoyed Mr. Burke's *The Streets of London*, published earlier in this series, will derive a similar pleasure from his *English Night Life*. It is a scrapbook with a subject, a rambling essay illustrated with pictures and quotations. Curiosities of all sorts meet the eye on the every page. What is a "stewed-prune house"? One can guess from the sound and the context (Dekker's *Seven Deadly Sins*), but the phrase occurs in none of my dictionaries. How many of us know the origin of "bluestocking"? Here, the answer comes from Boswell: it was a natural historian called Stillingfleet, a frequent guest and talker at evening assemblies, whose blue stockings gave a name to the intellectual ladies of all time.

A school of minor characters from the D.N.B. bob to the surface in Mr. Burke's pages. Lord Barrymore we may have heard of, one of three brothers, Restoration toughs, who were fond of starting a riot, of driving at night and cracking with their whips the windows in the villages they passed through. William Betty? He was the boy-actor, contemporary with Kean, who drew mobs like a film-star and—while the iron was hot—played Romeo and even Hamlet. But Dr. Kitchener? He acquired celebrity in the early eighteenth century by writing on music and cookery, and holding a weekly conversazione that broke up at eleven: an unusual refinement for the age. And Dr. de Mameluke and Dr. Graham? The first gave fashionable parties in which (at a price) hypnotism was the attraction. The second used to strip-tease and bury himself in a tub of earth, from which he would deliver a lecture on the health-giving properties of the soil; his Temple of Health included also a lightly clad Goddess—Emma Hamilton.

Then there are the books of reminiscences from which Mr. Burke takes a coloured paragraph or two: Charlotte Clarke's autobiography (actress daughter of Colley Cibber); *Chrysal, or The Adventures of a Guinea* (descriptions of a fashionable club that celebrated the Black Mass); Henry Angelo's Reminiscences (fencing-master and amateur of night life). All these belong to the eighteenth century, which provides Mr. Burke with his most diverting material. Before the eighteenth century there are torchlight processions, cannonades, nocturnal bell-ringing, a few masques showing their thin colours by candlelight; after it come lighted streets and the vulgarisation of the dandy—who, after all, is (or should be) the hero of these pages. Mr. Burke is too much of a democrat and a puritan to understand the dandy or to grant that there may be a style in bingeing as in anything else; he comes down rather hard on the night-bird with riches. He loves a crowd. The hurly-burly of the streets, of popular pleasures, of night and day performing their Cox-and-Box comedy in Haymarket, Aldgate, or Bath is the real subject of *English Night Life*. The illustrations have been generously and prettily chosen. Hogarth and Rowlandson, of course, fill much of the scene. But there are others. "A Late-Georgian Nocturne," by H. Wigstead, lights up garishly an encounter outside a wine-shop; and one of

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January

LABOUR MONTHLY

WORLD BATTLE - R. P. Dutt
ANGLO-RUSSIAN UNITY - - - Bishop of Chelmsford
THE COMMUNIST PARTY AND THE FIGHT FOR UNITY Harry Pollitt
JAPAN - - - Dorothy Woodman
WAGES & THE WAR EFFORT - Peter Kerrigan
INDIA IN THE WAR V. K. Krishna Menon
BURMA - - - Michael Carritt
IMPERIALIST WAR & NATIONAL WAR V. I. Lenin
'DISTANT POINT' Sean O'Casey

6D

Order from your Newsagent; also obtainable from W. H. Smith's

the Hogarths—the study for a painting, "The Masked Ball at the Wanstead Assembly"—is both lovely and unhackneyed.

G. W. STONIER

Florence Farr, Bernard Shaw and W. B. Yeats. Ed. by CLIFFORD BAX. *Cuala Press.* 18*s.*

Florence Farr was a talented dabbler in art and mysticism who won a measure of success as an actress and enjoyed the friendship of Shaw and Yeats. Their letters to her, which she requested Clifford Bax to publish after her death, make a fascinating contrast in the egotisms of great men. Shaw is arrogant and overbearing in manner, and he calls the tune throughout, but he is all the time intensely aware of the personality of his correspondent. He criticises her acting, calls her bluffs, exposes her weaknesses; he plays clown, pedagogue, genius and lover by turns; and yet, for all the seeming parade of himself his attention is concentrated on Florence Farr—so much so that a most vivid portrait of her emerges from these letters. Yeats, on the other hand, is feebly flattering and gives nothing but an extension of the pompous and sentimental indulgence with which he was at that time treating himself. In spite of occasional protestations to the contrary he seems unable to see Florence Farr as anything but an instrument for his own mundane purposes. His letters to her are almost worthless except as a foil for the brilliance and magnanimity of Shaw.

Week-end Competitions

No. 624

Set by Saint-Loup

When asked to spell a name on the telephone, the established references, "A for apple," etc., sometimes give way to apter words—"D for Deaf, A for Ass," etc. The usual prizes are offered for the best congeries of such spelling references for the name of any well-known person or place. No grammatical construction is needed, and competitors are asked not to concentrate upon vituperation and to remember the laws of libel.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, January 26.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 621

Set by John Mair

The following advertisement appeared in the *Times* recently: "THIS AUTHOR LIVED IN A 'PADDED CELL.' Proust, famous French novelist, in his desire for silence, lined with cushions the walls of his apartment on the Boulevard Haussmann. That, no doubt, was hyper-sensitiveness; but there *are* business men who complain of their noisy offices—there *are* flat residents who hear more than they like to of their neighbours . . ." and went on to recommend a patent wall-board.

The usual prizes are offered for a similarly enterprising advertisement of Mouthwash; Chewing-gum; Egg-substitute; Box-divans; Brilliantine; Health Salts; or Breakfast Cereal. Any suitable author may be employed, but a choice showing the boldness and culture of the sample is recommended.

Report by John Mair

Nietzsche's love of cream puffs, Byron's use of health-salts as a preliminary to composition, Burns's endeavours to cure dyspepsia by jumping out of bed into a tub of cold water, Emerson's fatal addiction to pie for breakfast—competitors have remembered enough of the Masters' foibles to satisfy the most wrong-headed and unscrupulous of copywriters. Many entries showed deplorable ingenuity. I should not have thought that two entrants would independently have used Cowper's attempt to tame his wild hare as an advertisement for Brilliantine, but both Leslie Johnson and Little Billee were guilty of this horrible pun. Stanley J. Sharpless began well with:

> "On the divan are piled (at night her bed)
> Stockings, slippers, camisoles and stays,"

sings famed Anglo-American poet-critic, T. S. Eliot, in the renowned seduction scene from the *Waste Land*.

> Had she possessed a BEDDYBYES super-sprung
> Box-divan . . .

But he was reminiscent of *Time* rather than the *Times*, and had regretfully to be eliminated. Pontifex had the good idea of using:

> And in some perfumes there is more delight
> Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks

to advertise Mouthwash; and Tennyson's:

> Dear room, the apple of my sight
> With thy two couches, soft and white,

to recommend box-divans; but neither entry came up to its quotation. Good (or, at least, curate's-egg) attempts came from Jonquil, Marjorie Nicholls, Stanley French, Joseph Hirsch, and S. W. Green.

After some hesitation, I recommend that the First Prize be divided between Kenneth Bloomfield, who sent two entries so felicitous and probable that I suspect him of having written the original, and Jane Cakebread, for her wilder, if less trained, inspiration. The Second Prize goes to Leslie Johnson, the better of the two Cowpers.

FIRST PRIZE

I

Profession ..... NOVELIST
Hours of business ... 9 till 6!

NOT many novelists have succeeded—like Antony Trollope—in canalising their creative energies into hours as regular as those of a bank clerk. Yet the Barsetshire novels brought their author more than £70,000!

REGULARITY was the secret of Trollope's success. Strive for regularity, in large things as in small.

BE REGULAR . . . Start the day with PLUM-RUFFIDGE, the "regularity" breakfast cereal.

KENNETH BLOOMFIELD

II

PITY POOR WILLIAM BLAKE, famous English poet and artist! Owing to the prevalent taste for heavy, hot, sagging, suffocating FEATHER BEDS, he was a martyr to insomnia: indeed, matters became so serious with him, that he was obliged *to create an amorous image in the shadows of his curtains and in the folds of his silent pillow!* But all to no purpose; and we are left shuddering at the thought of the masterpieces lost to posterity through lack of sleep. But we will respectfully suggest that had William Blake the privilege of owning (and sleeping on) one of BOUNCER'S BOSMATIQUE BOX-DIVANS, instead of *suffering the self-enjoyings of self-denial*, he would undoubtedly have delighted the world with a Twenty-eighth *Song of Experience*. A visit to our showrooms in Bondox Street . . . etc. JANE CAKEBREAD

SECOND PRIZE

POET GOES MAD TAMING HARE

WILLIAM COWPER,
distinguished English poet, set himself
THE TASK
of taming a hare. He achieved some measure of success, but found the undertaking lengthy, costly and arduous. The strain told on him, and he lost his reason.

You can make a quick, cheap and simple job of gaining complete control over *your* refractory hair by using

GLOSSILOX,
the modern brilliantine that brings you scalp-joy and keeps you in every way unruffled. LESLIE JOHNSON

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